

OW ONE TREE  
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CITY RAGING

COVER BY DON ANDERSON

A close-up on the man  
behind TV's Close-Up

Blair Fraser visits  
Sir Anthony Eden

# MACLEAN'S

JANUARY 16, 1960

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

15 CENTS





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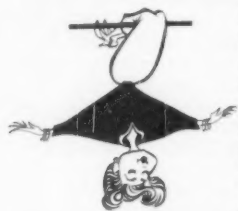
# PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ What the girls will wear this spring
- ✓ Will the Communists make new Canadian gains?

**AS BROADCASTING** grows steadily bolder in cussing and controversy it's running into one problem the movies solved long ago. Parents often let their children watch potentially explosive programs only because they don't know what's coming. Now Board of Broadcast Governors' chairman Andrew Stewart may have come up with the solution. After hearing an irate listener's letter about Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, he had the board write back asking, in effect: What would you think of "adult entertainment" labels flashed before certain TV plays or announced on radio? "I was just flying a kite," Stewart told Maclean's.

**STREAMLINE-AND-ATOM-CONSCIOUS** generations of the future will get a chance to see the puffing old locomotives and rickety cars that helped build Canada. They'll be the most important part of a museum in Montreal that the Canadian Railroad Historical Association's 500 members hope to have open "within five years." Already lined up are Sir William Van Horne's private car, an eight-wheel steamer from the GWWDR (Manitoba) and a couple of engines still working for the CPR.



**NEXT SPRING'S "LOOK"** in women's styles is... well, see cartoon. Bodices of evening wear, coats, dresses and suits will be one-piece affairs, with the sleeves starting at the waist-line instead of under the arm. Other trends for spring fashion: "whitening" of virtually all colors. Grey looks like the biggest color, then something called "oatmeal," and muted mauves and greens. Jewelry: baubles and beads. Big medallions will be out.

**CANADIAN STOREKEEPERS** will be watching what happens in a shopping centre scheduled to open in the Toronto suburb of Leaside later this year. It'll have no furnace. Instead, heat will come from the thousands of light-fixtures and from the bodies of the shoppers themselves, circulated by a revolutionary pump-and-fan system. At night, electric heaters will take over — when off-peak loads mean cheap power.

**WITH ITS NAME BOLDLY CHANGED BACK** (from Labor Progressive) the Communist Party of Canada claims it's picking up steam — and new followers. The University of Toronto club, which dried up after the '56 Hungarian revolution, has sprouted again and other groups in Saskatchewan, B.C., and Ontario are all boasting increased enrolments. Coast-to-coast membership, national organizer William Kashtan told Maclean's, now stands at 6,700 and the party's aiming for 8,000 this year.

**IF IT'S ONLY THE LANDLORD'S RULES** that stop you from owning a dog, here's one breed you might get away with: the basenji. It doesn't bark (honest) and has no doggy smell. Though terrier-size basenjis—they come from Africa—have been in Canada 20 years, there are only about 200 here now. One reason may be the price—minimum, \$100. But now, with our increasing prosperity, they're really starting to sell. New? Not quite. They've been around the Belgian Congo since 4000 BC.

**MEXICAN**, one racial stock that's been added pretty thinly to our melting pot so far, may grow thicker — at least in southwestern Ontario. Vegetable growers there are plumping to have more workers "from Mexico or other countries" brought in to help with next year's harvest. Last year, with 8,000 unemployed in Windsor, tomato growers had to import foreign pickers (mostly Portuguese and Italian) or let their crops rot on the vine.

**OFTEN SNIPED AT** as not Canadian enough or as too Canadian, CBC-TV is going super-Canada—at least in its dramas. Worried about a preponderance of "stories out of books, the past, or their own experiences," the script department will be sending writers to events like the Calgary Stampede or to take a trip on the Ontario Northland Railway. They'll be commissioned to bring back a plot. Does this alter your chances of selling that play? Hardly. Fewer than 4 of 100 scripts the CBC buys are from unknowns anyway.

ARCHITECTS  
DOBUSH, PARKIN, PRATT



## STORM WARNING: CANADA'S HOUSING IN FOR AN AWFUL BLAST

**BE PREPARED** this summer for a sizzling public denunciation of the place you — or perhaps your neighbors — live. It'll come in a report by three outstanding and outspoken architects, asked by the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada to examine our "residential environment."

While the three — Peter Dobush of Montreal, John C. Parkin of Toronto and C. E. Pratt of Vancouver — are saving their heaviest ammunition for their report, there's ample evidence of the way things are going.

In hearings from Newfoundland to Alberta they've listened to 300 briefs — an almost steady stream of vilification of our zoning laws and house design.

And they've dropped some preliminary bombshells of their own. One common target has been the "mystique about one-family homes." "They've be-

come false status symbols that stretch out like endless rows of strawberry boxes," Parkin said. Another favorite's been "clean slums": air-conditioned, fireproof, carpeted — but with no light or fresh air. Still another: rigid zoning bylaws that crowd people of equal income into a single neighborhood.

After a day in Moncton, N.B., Pratt said: "They call this town the centre of Acadian culture. I don't see any." Piqued, Mayor M. M. Baig snapped back: "They can't judge a city from a hotel."

There have been some bright spots. The architects liked the "highly individualistic" Alberta cities (though Edmonton was "prideless"). Regina, Saskatoon and St. John's Nfld., all got bouquets for public housing. Perhaps the brightest hope: They haven't seen Vancouver yet.



## RICHEST BALL FAN'S NEXT PITCH

**WHEN AND IF** baseball's third major league — the Continental — gets off the drawing board, one third of the money and a great deal of the enthusiasm behind its

most important entry will come from what is at first glance a highly unlikely source: the distinguished, seldom-heard-of dowager of the biggest fortune ever left in Canada.

The team is New York's — as yet unnamed. The lift and the lettuce are being supplied by Mrs. Izaak Walton Killam who, as well as being the richest, may easily be the most dedicated woman baseball buff in history.

Even as a Missouri debutante, Dorothy Johnston was a baseball fan — of the old St. Louis Browns. She met Izaak Killam, then a rising young Nova Scotia-born financier in Europe.

The Killams lived most of their married life in Montreal. But 20 years ago, when her husband's financial empire frequently demanded his presence in New York, she got a wild crush on the Brooklyn Dodgers.

When she was ill in 1952, Killam spent \$150,000 to rent a private wire to their Sherbrooke St. home, so she could watch the Dodgers on TV.

In 1955, publicity-shy Izaak Killam died, leaving an estate of \$225,000,000. Inheritance taxes made up much of the Canada Council's \$100,000,000 fund. Mrs. Killam got most of the rest.

The next year, the Dodgers announced they would move to Los Angeles. Mrs. Killam offered six million dollars to keep them in Brooklyn.

When that bid failed, a reporter asked her if she'd try to keep the Giants in New York. "The Giants?" she snapped. "I wouldn't pay a nickel for them."

— CLAYTON SINCLAIR

## NEW HEADLINES FOR MY FUR LADY'S KIDS

**WHEN MCGILL'S** undergrad revue, *My Fur Lady*, suddenly blasted off in 1957 to become our biggest hit (with 402 performances) of recent years, it carried a couple of dozen youngsters into unexpected national limelight. Since, most have drifted from sight. But this year, at least some of these names will be making new headlines:

**Producer James Domville**, determined to be an impresario in spite of *Jubilee* (a revue that barely staggered from the Vancouver Festival to Toronto before collapsing) has two new projects on the fire: 1, Still another revue, this time opening in Toronto. 2, A trans-Canada tour of *The Man Who Never Died*, a U.S. drama about Joe Hill, the martyred worker who's now a labor hero. "Angels" he's dickering with: Canadian labor unions.

**Joan Stuart**, the Kim Novak with talent who's been singing and dancing in *Up Tempo*, a Montreal café-revue, is engaged to marry "in Feb-

ruary or March" Hollywood's jack-of-all entertainment, Sammy Davis Jr.

**Bernie Boyd and Tink Robinson**, with their talents (singing, dancing, playing vibraphones) wrapped into a night-club act that was touted as the most versatile in Canada in '59, seem headed for the international front ranks.

**Anne Collings** paused in her TV-stage career to portray a sultry Beatnik in the Toronto-produced movie, *The Bloody Brood*, and appeared launched on a new career.

But perhaps the most certain of all to make headlines is Scottish-born **John MacLeod**, now studying in London after starring in *My Fur Lady*'s less-successful successor, *Wry and Ginger*. When Dame Flora MacLeod, his grandmother, dies, John will become The MacLeod. — ELIZABETH PARR



DOMVILLE



COLLINGS



MACLEOD



STUART

# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

## WITH BLAIR FRASER



*With Defense Minister Pearkes prodding, parliament must soon decide about replacing our obsolete weapons.*

## THE TOUGHEST PUZZLE OF 1960: DEFENSE

**What kind do we want? How much will we pay for it?**

**THIS TIME** last year as parliament opened, the outlook for the opposition parties seemed clear and simple. With unemployment still at a postwar high, the government faced the certain prospect of a tax increase or another budget deficit or (as it turned out) both, and the opposition had only to wait for its cue to say "I told you so."

This year the situation is more complex. Unemployment in most areas is down to fairly moderate levels. National revenues are rising. If expenditures can be held in line, and the Treasury Board has been making Herculean efforts to hold them, the chances of a balanced budget for 1960-61 are excellent. There is no scarcity of important issues before parliament, but choosing sides is no longer easy or painless. The real issues lie in the related fields of defense and finance, and nobody knows the answer to the root question: What kind of defense policy do Canadians really want? What kind are they willing to pay for?

**Servicemen** take a rather cynical view of Canada's recent interest in disarmament, shown at the North Atlantic Council and the United Nations. The fact is, they say, that Canada is already disarmed. All three Canadian forces are mainly equipped with obsolete weapons of little or no use in modern war, which can only be replaced at tremendous cost.

It is now sixteen months since the Canadian army announced its adoption of a new tactical concept. With modern weapons, a brigade could hold as big a sector of front as two World War II divisions. Trouble is, the modern weapons are still lacking. The army still

intends to use the American Lacrosse, a guided surface-to-surface missile that can carry a nuclear warhead, but the Lacrosse is still in the experimental development stage and Ottawa can't seem to find out when it will go into production.

The RCAF has been promised, and will soon begin to receive, made-in-Canada versions of the American Starfighter for its eight Sabre squadrons in Europe. The other four squadrons overseas, and all RCAF fighter squadrons in Canada, still fly the CF-100, which would be no more use against a Russian bomber than a World War II Spitfire.

As for the navy, national defense spokesmen admit that of the forty-two ships committed to NATO's Atlantic command, at least half and probably three quarters are utterly worthless for the purposes of war. They have a certain usefulness as training vessels, keeping a naval force together and giving it practice in sea duty, but that is all.

"We could scrap at least half of our ships, cut the navy down from twenty thousand to ten thousand men, and it would make no difference to the safety of Canada or of NATO," said one senior man at national defense headquarters. "But what would happen to the port of Halifax?"

That's the kind of question that makes national defense such a difficult issue for political parties. The armed services are a major industry of the Atlantic provinces, the cornerstone of Maritime prosperity today, and they are a massive contribution to other provinces as well—shipyards, aircraft factories, the infant industry of electronics, and so on. These give pause to the

people who would advocate, as some are tempted to do, reductions of hundreds of millions in defense expenditures.

In fact the Canadian defense budget has been reduced slowly but steadily ever since 1953, when the post-Korea rearmament program hit its peak. In those days, defense cost us eight and a half percent of our national product, and nearly half of our entire government expenditure. Today, while all other costs of government have risen and the national product is ten billion dollars more, the total for defense is actually smaller by a couple of hundred million.

**It's evident** that the present figure, roughly seventeen hundred million dollars a year, is a rigid ceiling—the forces can hope for no more, unless there is some kind of emergency. They must therefore calculate how to rearm with modern weapons, a forbiddingly expensive project, without going beyond the annual expenditure of the past two or three years.

In consequence, some officers are beginning to wonder out loud how long Canada can afford to keep a brigade and an air division in Europe. West Germany, a wealthy country now, is supposed to put twelve divisions into the NATO pool. For Canada to go on supporting one thirty-sixth of that number in the Rhine valley, at a cost per man which is absurdly high, makes very little sense—either military or economic. But on the other hand, what would be the effect on the shaky structure of the North Atlantic alliance if Canada, one NATO partner who has carried out her military commitment to the letter,

were now to call her "token" forces home?

Another conundrum, equally difficult for politicians, is the question of nuclear weapons. Canada makes none of her own and doesn't intend to. Prime Minister Diefenbaker has said repeatedly that Canada's hope and desire is the complete abolition of nuclear weapons in all countries. But meanwhile NATO tactics and strategy are based upon nuclear weapons and any force that doesn't have them will be an ill-armed force, unable either to defend itself or to do its share on the offensive.

The nuclear weapons themselves are in the custody of the United States and will remain so. Argument on this point will be wasted—American military authorities are bound by American law, which expressly forbids them to let nuclear warheads out of their hands except for immediate use in war. This is a major sacrifice of Canadian sovereignty, to depend on weapons that are not in Canadian hands, but the alternatives are either to make our own or to do without. Neither is very attractive.

Similar difficulties arise in the major issues on the civilian and domestic front—"tight money," for instance.

Opposition parties had great fun mocking the government's talk on this sore subject, the labored attempts to prove that no "tight money policy" exists, the attempts to find or fabricate differences between the money situation today and that of 1956-57. If the government is obliging enough to keep on talking the same way, it will solve a problem for the opposition.

**But what if** the argument shifts to the question, not of whether a tight money policy exists, but of whether it ought to exist?

No responsible spokesman for the Liberals has yet pronounced against it. Liberals have argued, rightly, that the government must accept a final responsibility for monetary policy as for all other national policy, just as the Conservatives rightly argued in 1956-57 when the Liberals were in power. But while Conservatives were flatly against tight money then, and proved it by expanding the money supply and adding two billion dollars to the national debt as soon as they got into office, Liberals have been more cautious. They have resisted the temptation to earn a cheap popularity by taking the side of the frustrated borrower and have merely told the borrower that his failure to get a loan is the government's doing.

Bankers and others in the financial community are still afraid that the government may take direct steps to get rid of this load of blame—introduce some kind of legislation to give it more direct power over the Bank of Canada and the chartered banks. They have not forgotten Prime Minister Diefenbaker's television speech about tight money and his obscure but ominous threats against anyone who might withhold the benefits of Canadian prosperity from the small borrower. They are awaiting the speech from the throne with more eagerness and apprehension than they've felt for years.

Most observers in Ottawa, though, believe this alarm is exaggerated. They doubt that the government really wants to have direct and unmistakable responsibility for interest rates, bond prices, and the small man's ability to borrow money. If any such legislation is brought in, they think, it will be of the Bill of Rights variety—full of pious postures and worthy thoughts, but bringing no real change. ★



Officers King & McKenzie

## BACKSTAGE IN MARRIAGE

Does the boss decide who should get hitched?

**WHEN EDNA MCKENZIE**, a young Toronto police-woman, announced this fall that she'd been forced to resign because she'd married Ronald King, a detective on the same force, she set newspapers howling and tongues clucking about a question that's troubled society for more than a century: Just how much should a boss be allowed to control his employees' private lives? Just how much do today's employers, public and private, lay down the law about marriage?

Not much. A National Employment Service official says: "When firms stipulate single applicants today it's mostly because the job doesn't pay enough for two to live on." But there are still some exceptions.

**Banks**, which traditionally have outlawed marriage by juniors, are softening. The Toronto-Dominion, which once wouldn't let anyone get married till he was making \$1,500 a year, has jettisoned all restrictions. Only the Royal admitted in a Maclean's poll that it required a clerk to have five years' service before he marries. ("It's easier to transfer single people from branch to branch.") A Bank of Commerce official confessed that his bank "reasons with 18- or 19-year-olds who want to get married." And almost no bank will allow husband and wife to work in the same branch.

**Insurance companies**, which put obstacles in the way of young, low-salaried employees before the war, seem generally to have taken their hands off. Married women are welcome at almost all.

**Nursing schools**, surprisingly, seldom insist on spinsters any more. Each hospital makes up its own rules, but few vary widely from the Toronto General, where an official told Maclean's: "It's up to them. Sometimes even married women with babies have been allowed to stay in training."

**Airlines** won't allow stewardesses to marry. TCA loses 40% of its stewardess staff every year—mostly not to flight crew.

**The armed services:** Neither the RCAF nor the army will "recognize" marriages—and that means authorize marriage allowances—unless the applicant is 23, if an officer, or 21 if not. Overseas applicants who want to bring their wives back have to get permission from their COs, establish their wives' fitness as Canadian citizens, outline their financial liabilities and wait five months. Without permission, marriage allowances are held back a year.

**The RCMP?** Sure, a constable can marry—if he's been in the force five years and has \$1,200.

So how does the Toronto police force look? Not so bad. In fact, the only rule there is the one the Kings broke: policemen can't marry policewomen.

—DERM DUNWOODY

## BACKSTAGE WITH CURFEWS

You'll be surprised to learn how many we have

**TIRED** of what their reeve called "teenage refuse from Metro Toronto," the town fathers of Orangeville, Ont., this fall turned to a solution as tried and true as the birch-rod; they instructed police to clamp down under a 1941 law that said all children under 14 must be off the streets by 9.30 at night.

Curfews have been in the news elsewhere too—in Port Arthur and Saskatoon earlier last year. Does that mean they're coming back? And how do Canadians generally feel about them?

Here's the surprising result of a Maclean's survey: Curfew laws are widespread in some guise or other in Canada but few Canadians—kids, parents or even the authorities—are aware they exist at all.

In some areas, of course, there's never been a law. If any towns in Manitoba have curfews, RCMP and provincial probation officers haven't heard about them. In Winnipeg, police chief Robert Taft called curfews "an admission of defeat." "They're tantamount to police and parents saying they can't control their children," he told Maclean's.

In Newfoundland, only Corner Brook attempted to impose a curfew—in 1955 and '56—but it flopped when thousands of children defied it. In St. John's, police sometimes enforce regulations of the Child Welfare Act to keep youngsters off the street at night. In Halifax, a winter curfew of 9.30 (10.30 in summer) is seldom enforced. "We don't have much trouble here and when we do we handle it with soft hands," a police official told Maclean's.

Quebec has—and enforces—more curfews than any other province: Montreal assigns special constables to carry out its 9 o'clock deadline for 14-year-olds. Pointe Claire is one of the few Canadian cities that still sounds a siren every night at 9 o'clock. In Lachine, whistles toot and bells clang at 9. Because the laws are too hard to enforce, a lot of Quebec police chiefs would like to see them repealed.

Most Saskatchewan and Alberta cities that do have curfew laws ignore them: "The cost of enforcing ours (9 o'clock since 1934) would be prohibitive," Moose Jaw police chief Michael Mackey told Maclean's. "It would soon be just a game of cops 'n' kids." But, like many of his fellows, Mackey doesn't object to having a curfew on the books — so it can be used "to suit the situation."

In Ontario, the Child Welfare Act requires that children under 16 be at home—or with an adult—by 9, but few towns enforce it. A municipality can apply for permission to pass its own curfew law but even fewer do that. The reeve of East York (a Toronto suburb) stormed after Orangeville's decision that "there'd have to be a rabid wolf behind every tree before I'd want such a thing."

Across Canada, when curfews do make the agenda of town or council meetings, it's during an outbreak of juvenile devilry and most are quickly forgotten when the kids are behaving. Vancouver has had a 9 o'clock curfew for under-16s since 1923. Maclean's phoned two dozen parents at random. None had heard of the law. Says Gordon Stevens, Vancouver's chief probation officer: "If we're going to enforce a curfew, let's bring back lamplighters too."



Anglican pied pipers play rock 'n' roll

## BACKSTAGE IN RELIGION

How new gimmicks are helping fill U.K. churches

**CONSERVATIVE WINGS** of Canadian Protestant churches, aflutter over the use here of such grey-flannel-age measures as hard-sell advertising and neon signs, often point to the apparently staid and starchy Church of England as the prime example of the Established Way. But now, closer observers of the U.K. ecclesiastical scene are pointing — with equal force — to parishes that are using twists and gimmicks so wildly modern they make our "church revolution" look like a 19th-century Sunday school.

In Britain, where latest surveys show only a third of baptized members give the church even nominal allegiance and a scant 9% of listed adherents actually worship, these things are happening.

**In Camberwell**, a working-class district of London, the Rev. George Beaumont, composer of the now-celebrated 20th Century Folk Mass (with the 150th Psalm in foxtrot tempo) is turning to rock 'n' roll. This summer, crowds in churches, clubs, even pubs, heard Beaumont's troupe of 17-year-old Gary Mills and Barbara Smith, Miss Britain of '57, bang out raucous religious "hits."

**In Birmingham**, a vicar turned his church over to a 15-year-old girl for a special teenagers' service. Even the Creed was rewritten: "... I believe in Jesus Christ, son of God, and that He was taken to a wooden cross, nails driven through His hands and feet, and that He suffered without measure..." The Lord's Prayer was left alone.

**In Kent**, a bus, bought on time, tours one parish to pick up members for early service. They get free coffee.

**In Halton, Leeds**, B.C.-born-and-bred Canon Ernest Southcott is holding communion in the homes of sick or elderly parishioners and inviting laggards to witness. (The Prayer Book forbids that persons able to go take communion away from the church.) Though he's faced some criticism, Southcott's scheme is catching on. His explanation, *The Parish Comes Alive*, was recently named book of the year by the Bishop of New York.

**In London**, Canon Colin Cuttall, also educated in B.C., is watching dozens of other working-class parishes take up the worker-priest scheme he started after the war as the South London Industrial Mission. A Bedfordshire padre in a similar plan this summer was elected shop steward of his union local. He's turned his minister's stipend back to the diocese.

**In London**, which averages three suicides a day, a staff of Anglican clergy and laymen man a 24-hour telephone service, which tries to talk would-be suicides out of taking their lives. The service claims success with 99 out of every 100 who call.—DON GORDON

## Background

### "NEW" FAUNA

Think man's discovered just about all the faunas there are? Maybe just about, but in 1959 these two fascinating animals were found: 1, a water grasshopper that spends most of its time under water and 2, a fish with one weird cyclopean eye in mid-forehead.

### PILOTS AND PLANE CRASHES

As engineers iron out more and more wrinkles in aircraft design, a higher and higher percentage of air accidents

are being caused by the human factor. Five years ago, pilots were blamed only half the time. Latest Department of Transport figure: 73%. Material failure caused 15%; weather less than 3%. Seven percent go unexplained.

### MAYBE ENGLISH IS "FOREIGN"

While more and more Canadian radio stations add foreign-language programs to their schedules, there's at least one that's looking in the other direction for new shows. CFKY at Yellowknife, N.W.T., now has a one-hour weekly disc jockey show in Chipewyan. DJ is Louis Tinqu, a Dog Rib Indian.



### BLESSED TO GIVE — A BIT

With a leery eye on "payola," businessmen this Christmas tapered off on lavish gifts to associates. The average value of business presents was \$7.50—just over half that of five years ago—the Business Goodwill Advisory Council, a U.S. research agency, found. But the number of gifts had more than doubled.

### BEST MARRIAGE MATERIAL

As divorce rates climb, psychological research is zeroing in closer and closer on what makes a marriage work. Latest flash: A Duke University team found that when the man is mentally superior and "considerably" older than his wife they have the best chance of happiness.

### SERENE DIETERS?

Perhaps the worst thing about diets is the temper of the dieter. Now there could be a solution. A U.S. pharmaceutical firm has introduced a special tranquilizer that, it claims, soothes the tension built up by a lessening of food-intake.

## Editorial

### Would we be better off if there were any great causes left?

**NOT LONG AGO** a young man, just out of university, complained to us: "There are no great causes any more for a young person to join. We haven't anything we can believe in, as your generation had. Nothing seems to be more than half true nowadays."

He was right, in a way, but only in a very limited way. It does seem a very long time ago that most of mankind thought all the problems of human behavior would be solved if everybody had enough to eat, enough to wear, a roof over his head and a job to work at. In those simple if troubled times Hitler, Mussolini and the Emperor of Japan were sufficient symbols of evil for almost any young crusader. And for those who wanted to track the world's ills and dangers closer to home there were always Wall Street and J. P. Morgan, or St. James Street and Sir Herbert Holt. The reactionaries and the sons and daughters of the rich could find an equally suitable target in the IWW, the OBU and the pinks and the reds.

Though this magazine does its share of haranguing the younger generation—and no doubt will go on doing so—we are bound to admit, after reflections like these, that for downright damned silliness our own slightly older generation has never known an equal.

We were fiercely and devoutly *against* a thousand things—armaments, George F. Babbitt, Main Street, R. B. Bennett, Herbert Hoover—but with all deference to today's young university graduate we were *for* practically nothing.

There was a curious and now dismaying air of nihilism about the young people of twenty or thirty years ago. One girl we knew always wore ugly cotton stockings as a protest against the silk merchants of militaristic Japan, which was then trying to conquer Free China. She may have had a sound grasp of politics, but she also had very pretty legs and the whole episode still strikes us as a shame and a waste.

Nothing either in politics or social conduct looks nearly so simple today—even to the youngest and most innocent. It wasn't really simple then, for that matter. The Emperor of Japan turned out to be a painfully shy young man with rimless glasses, and Mussolini hanging head down in Milan looked a poor and miserable little scoundrel. Hardly anyone now thinks the world would be vastly improved, or indeed changed at all, by the sudden removal of Khrushchov and Mao Tse-tung. As the young man said, there is nothing for youth to believe in or against as our generation believed.

But is that bad?

Frankly we are not sure. What, after all, was the end product of all the youthful idealism in the Thirties? The greatest war in history, which we not only failed to avert but very nearly managed to lose. Nearly all our rallying cries turned out to be wrong or at most, as the young man said, "no more than half true."

But the reason why we have found them so is that now we have tested them in action. The reason we know that not all problems are solved when everyone has enough to eat is that today whole continents in fact have enough to eat. We know too that helping "under-developed" nations is not enough. Why? Because in fact we are helping under-developed nations on a scale never before imagined.

We know socialism is not enough, because every conceivable kind of socialism has been tried in some part of the world.

We have found by hard humdrum experiences that many things which are good are still not perfect, nor all-sufficient.

We have learned, at least, that the world is a highly complex mechanism and good intentions alone will never make it work.

## Mailbag

- ✓ One mother's suggestion for helping the starving
- ✓ Several defenses of a frank artist
- ✓ One cartoonist's toast to a traveling editor

**I HAVE BEEN** deeply moved by C. Knowlton Nash's article, *Why Don't We Send Our Surplus Food to the Starving?* (Dec. 19) Even in this mechanized and impersonal age the individual still has power to act when governments either can or will not. Many of your readers will have heard of CARE. One dollar sent by me would deliver a food parcel sufficient to feed four people for a month. So with a regular payment of \$12 a month (less than the repayments on my fridge) I could permanently maintain forty people at a level at which they could lead a worthwhile life instead of starving. One thousand of us could feed 40,000 Indians. One million with enough warmth of heart and sense of responsibility could support almost the entire 60,000,000 who are at starvation level in India.

You should invite your readers to guarantee a sum of \$5 a month for a year (to support 20 people). Then when you have a list of several thousands (or millions), present a copy of it to the Canadian government as evidence of what the taxpayer is prepared to pay off his own bat, and say to them, with as much publicity and cymbal-clashing as possible, here's what we have done. I will guarantee \$12 a month. This is my family allowance which is needed in our home. But we shan't starve without it. — MRS. GLENYS STOW, BURLINGTON, ONT.

✓ There must be a way to support a "Food for Peace" project without undue interference with our economy. — MRS. G. K. BROOKE, CELISTA, B.C.

### In defense of Varley's nudes

*Mailbag* (Dec. 5) carried letters objecting to the paintings accompanying McKenzie Porter's article on artist Frederick Varley (Nov. 7). One was from a Chilliwack, B.C., minister; the other, from an Oakville, Man., mother, who said she'd pasted TB seals over the nudes. The controversy continues:

✓ It is so typical for those who claim to believe in God to be the ones shock-



ed by his most beautiful creation. — EGBERT OUDENDAG, DUNDAS, ONT.

✓ Did she think the nudes might catch a cold? — MRS. JOHN M. ELLIOTT, KINGSTON, ONT.

✓ More girls get pregnant from rock-'n'-roll parties than from looking at Varley's sketches. — T. POHLY, MONTREAL.

✓ I have a young daughter studying art and I thought only: how fortunate that

Maclean's should publish such a fine example of this artist's work. — MRS. CATHLEEN MACAULAY, CYRVILLE, ONT.

✓ It is sad to think that your very excellent article on an important artist and an intriguing person should evoke only the profound observations from your readers that it did: God never intended woman to be, *A*, naked, and *B*, green. It is sad that not one of your readers sat down to tell you how fortunate we are to have creative men like Varley and appreciative magazines like Maclean's. — PERCIVALE GONZ, ST. THOMAS, ONT.

### Porter in London



*Partch in a pub*

A toast to your McKenzie Porter for his *Holiday Weekend in London* (Dec. 19). By God, I'll pop over there. That, sir, is the way to do a travel piece. — VIRGIL PARTCH, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CALIF.

✓ If one old rake finds his pleasure in such as that article depicts, it's hardly interesting to the rest of the world. — AMY MILNE, CUTKNIFE, SASK.

### Oust South Africa?

Congratulations to Maclean's and Terence Robertson for his splendid article on human rights, *Kick South Africa out of the Commonwealth* (For the sake of argument, Dec. 19). — WALTER R. HAMILTON, WEST VANCOUVER.

✓ I agree wholeheartedly. It is a question of what is right, not what is wisest or safest or most profitable. Only a matter of right or wrong. — R. A. C. MACDONALD, COPPER CLIFF, ONT.

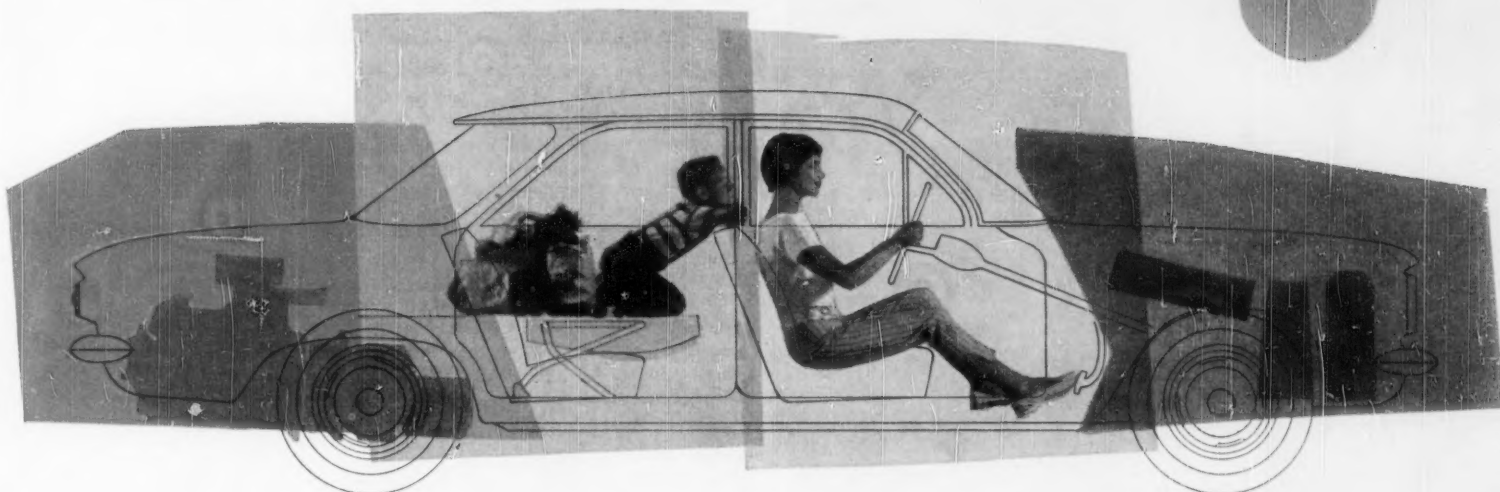
### They like Allen, too

I so greatly enjoyed "We Liked Animals Better Than People" by Robert Thomas Allen (Dec. 5). Without all my animals, I would find life very dull. — LINDA WATKINS (15), VANCOUVER.

✓ What a genius Robert Thomas Allen is! And with what nostalgia any animal lover who lived in this city fifty years ago would read his article! We can't have too many contributions from his pen. — IDA D. LYON, TORONTO.

### Russian at McMaster

Among the universities offering courses in Russian (Preview, Nov. 21) McMaster University should be included. We have an enrolment of 150, and anticipate doubling it next fall. Courses in literature, history, and philosophy will be offered soon. Russian is not a passing fad. It is here to stay. — PROF. L. J. SHEIN, MCMASTER UNIVERSITY, HAMILTON. ★



# CORVAIR'S REAR ENGINE MEANS...

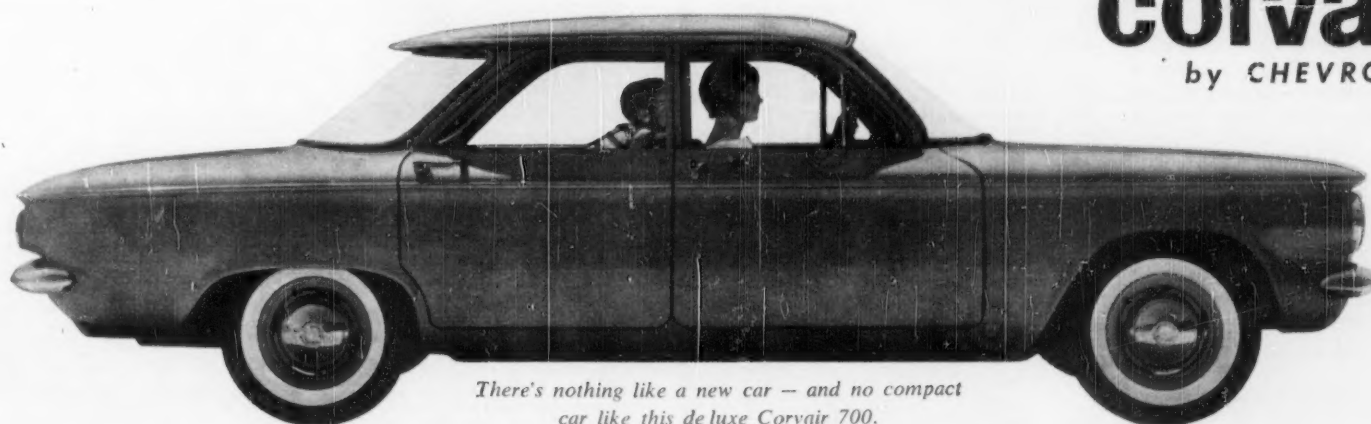
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### THE COVER

In his article, My life on the ocean wave (page 24), McKenzie Porter quotes one shipline's famous slogan: "Getting there is half the fun." Now artist Don Anderson offers a paraphrase for the airlines that fly south: "Half the fun is saying goodbye to the snow."

### PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

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Q-AC

## For the sake of argument



HUGH GARNER ASKS

### Why are Canadians so slow to anger?

As a people, we Canadians today aren't mad at anything or anybody. We are sitting on our custom-built lethargy waiting for our pension to begin and our mortgage to mature. We are all middle-aged and middle class, without hates, envies, fears or compassion. We have no causes, goals or objectives, and shy away from those who have. As a people we are dead, and we died of a self-inflicted ennui brought on by national and personal self-satisfaction, economic plenty, and the wiping out or brushing aside of social caste.

Our fears are as nebulous as our attainments, and our hatreds as impersonal as our charities. We are too modest to be proud, and too smug to be humble. We believe that our struggles are behind us, and pray that our future is secure. Our only enemies are those who threaten the status quo, and we hope not to defeat them but to ignore them. We are dead.

#### We used to get really mad

There was a time not so long ago when Canadians of every social, educational and economic group had plenty of targets against which to vent their spleen. All of us were angry at either the fascists, communists, capitalists, trade-unionists, landlords, warmongers, relief inspectors, unemployed, employers, or the government. We raged against Hitler, and cried over the Rape of Nanking. We swore vengeance against the bomber pilots who destroyed Guernica, and cursed Stalin when he stabbed Poland in the back. We either praised or damned John L. Lewis when he formed the CIO, and cheered or jeered at the British sailors who mutinied at Invergordon. We burned R. B. Bennett in effigy on the campus, and trekked with the transients to Ottawa.

We attended mass meetings for the Abyssinians, and held rallies to free an American syndicalist named Tom Mooney. We protest-

ed vociferously over the trial of the Scottsboro boys, and cried with outrage and frustration over the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. We laughed indulgently at the antics of Father Divine, but loved or hated Father Coughlin. We took sides in the Scopes trial in Tennessee, and argued that Red Ryan should be given another chance. We believed that the Prince of Wales was out to help the workingman, or that Roosevelt was a socialist. We were sure that the CCF party could truly represent the farmer and the laborer, and that all wars were started by Sir Basil Zaharoff or the French munitions trust. We loved Keir Hardie and derided or applauded Mahatma Gandhi. We blew hot or cold over Chiang Kai-shek, Leon Blum, Neville Chamberlain, J. S. Woodsworth and the Oxford Group. We were wrong as often as we were right in our assessment of our friends and enemies, and we overrated our enemies and underrated ourselves. But still we were angry at people and things.

R. B. Bennett was the last Canadian politician to win our unbridled hate, and no Canadian movie audience applauds Eisenhower as we used to applaud Roosevelt. Despite the professional female patriots, we can take royalty or leave it alone. Nancy Astor and the Cliveden Set have become a humorous footnote to history, and the beatniks of today would no more think of becoming Trotskyites than they would think of becoming fans of Lawrence Welk. It is fashionable now to second-guess our past mistakes, and give an embarrassed laugh at the movements we joined twenty or thirty years ago but we're poorer for the lack of them.

Where are the angry young men? In my youth the great hotbeds of radicalism and anti-war sentiment were the universities, but today the students are bucking for a pass and a call from General Electric. CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

HUGH GARNER, OF TORONTO, IS A NOVELIST AND FREE-LANCE WRITER.

## London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

### What can we look forward to in 1960?

For better or for worse the year 1960 is now upon us and 1959 has drifted away on the tide of time. Throughout the civilized world the wine of Scotland has been in great demand to toast the infant New Year as it mewls and spewls in the arms of Father Time. And because the optimism of mankind is unconquerable we still have confidence as we put our trust in the future.

For those of us who are of mature years it is good from time to time to seek the instinctive wisdom of the very young. Every morning since the Baxters moved from St. John's Wood to Kensington I have walked in the vast area of Holland Park. On the lawns and in the woods one sees young mothers watching as their children stagger drunkenly like a miniature Sir Toby Belch. The little girls administer to the imagined wants of their dolls while tiny brothers chase the pigeons which come swerving down or taking off like airplanes with wings but no engines.

What kind of a world will these children inherit from us? Again and again that question challenges my mind as it must do to every adult capable of thinking at all. Theirs is the inheritance of the

years that passes from our hands. Fortunately the youngsters have no misgivings. Innocence creates its own faith.

Personally, as 1960 bursts upon the world, I have a feeling that there is much to justify a growing confidence in the future. Nor is that feeling created merely by emotion or a spiritual approach. It is factual and actual. To prove it let us emulate the businessman and issue a balance sheet of human destiny.

To begin with there is the sardonic truth that the ingenuity of man, in producing instruments of destruction, has rendered war on a big scale quite impossible except as an act of mass suicide. If we have a third world war only the monkeys and the reptiles would be left to record the history of it.

It is a pity that the negation of war could not have been reached by the strength of the human spirit but even though we did it the hard way let us give credit to the scientists who have so developed the means of destruction that war has become obsolete.

Despite the waves of pessimism and fear and greed that break upon the world from time to time there is today a CONTINUED ON PAGE 47



As Baxter led Canadian veterans in a sing-song last Armistice night, he thought of the grim price many of their comrades paid for world peace.

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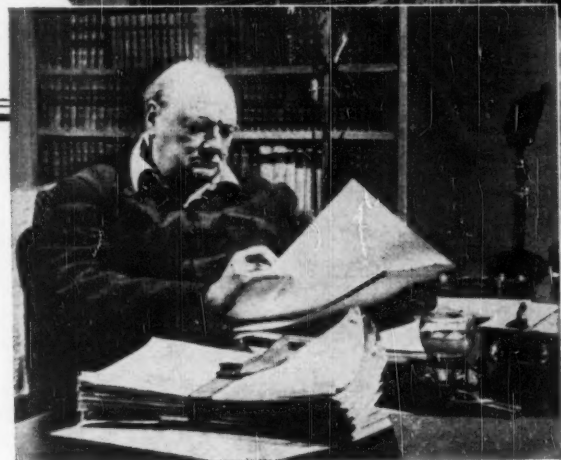
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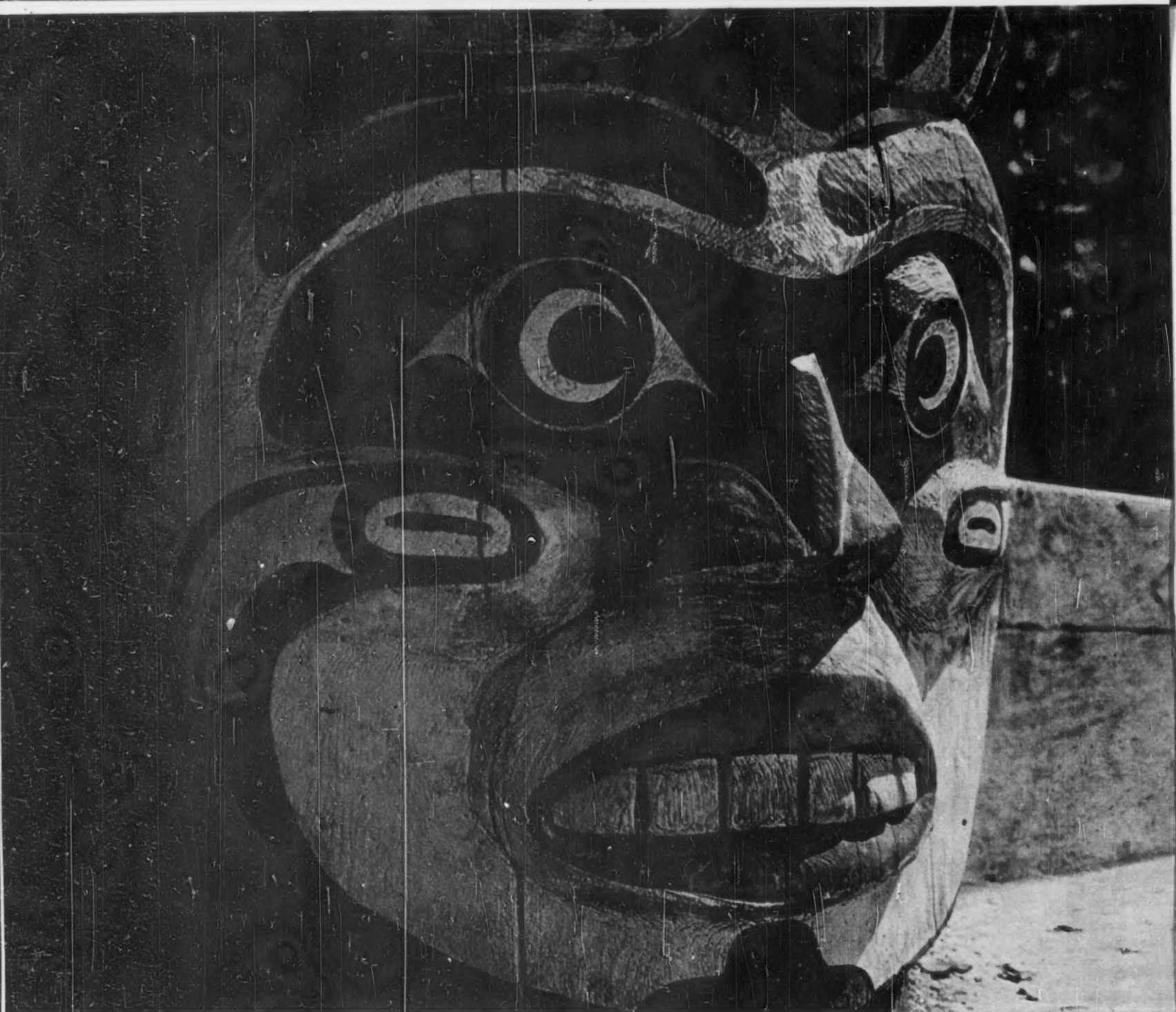
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or cheered or jeered the demise of one called Long Shot  
you're among the thousands of fervent fans and caustic critics of*

## ROSS McLEAN

*the TV star you never see*

BY PETER GZOWSKI

IN THE SEVEN personality-spattered years of Canadian television, no personality has provoked more headlines, created more stars, stirred more anger, drawn more plaudits or launched more widely quoted epigrams than a tall, bespectacled, blue-jawed, aloof thirty-four-year-old who's appeared on the screen fewer than a dozen times. He is Evan Ross McLean, a producer in the CBC's usually good and usually gray Public Affairs department at Toronto.

With CBC-TV since its embryonic days, he has created and produced:

**Stopwatch and Listen**, which may well have been the most catastrophic flop in CBC history and which left the air in a flurry of bad taste;

**Tabloid**, which became as regular a habit as the evening meal in thousands of homes from Montreal to the Lakehead, was once roasted in parliament and once got McLean suspended from his job;

**Living**, which stole quietly off the air when its hostess left Canada;

**Close-Up**, which won a University of Ohio award — an Oscar of television — and is widely recognized as the most accomplished show of its kind, and

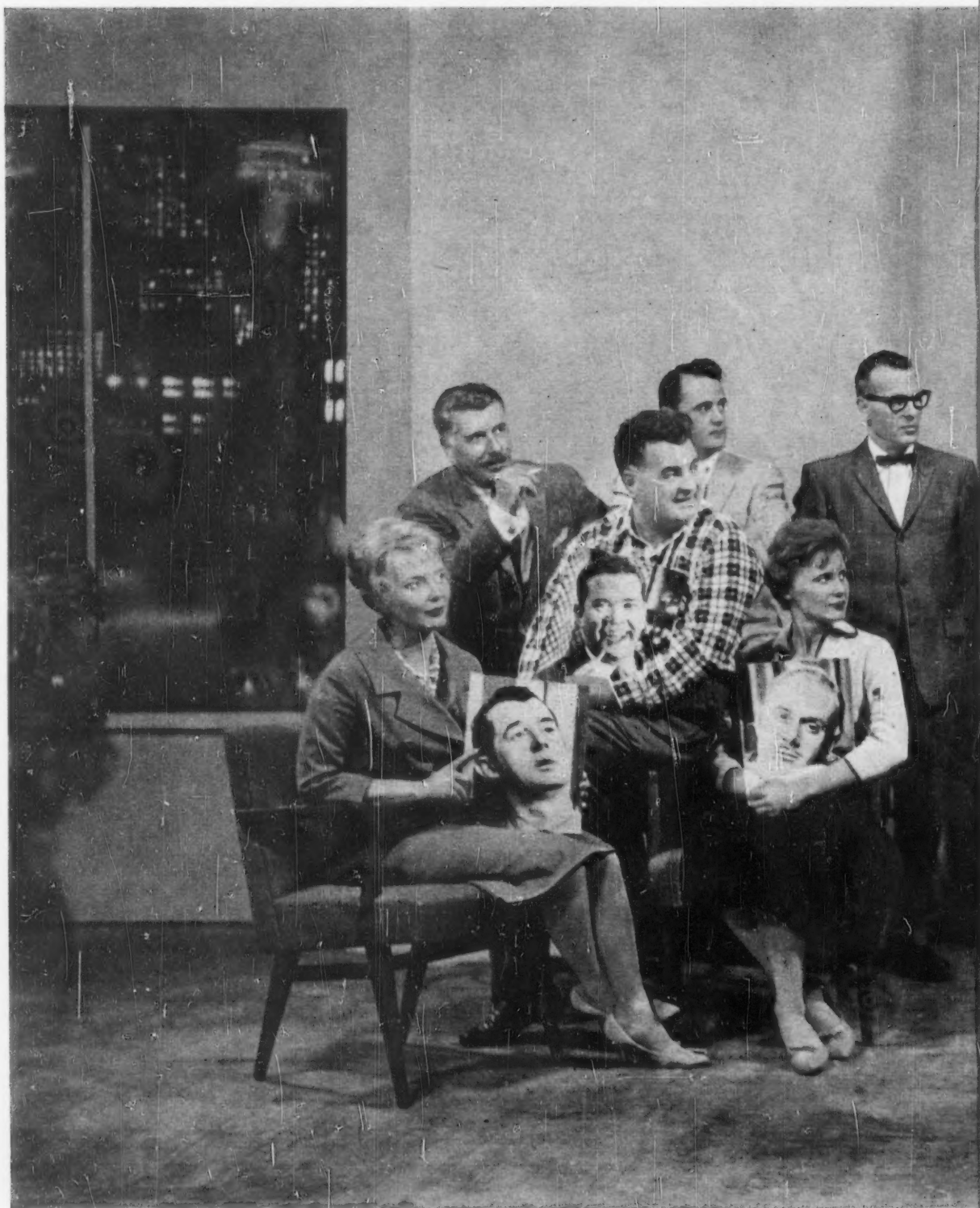
**Long Shot**, which, months after its demise, is still a subject for argument.

He has helped to television fame, often by feeding them words to say on the air, such personalities as Elaine Grand, Joyce Davidson, Percy Saltzman, Gil Christy, Frank Willis, Olga Kwasniak and the late Dick MacDougal. He has introduced to network television a host of others, including Pierre Berton, Charles Templeton, Max Ferguson (radio's Rawhide), Peter Whittall and Ed McCurdy. But many people



*For an unusual view of the Ross McLean stars you do see, turn the page*

Three television and one still color camera were needed to produce this photo—on the actual Close-Up set—of Ross McLean and some of the people he's helped to fame. Behind him is the giant teleprojector used in remote interviews. Joyce Davidson, Peter Whittall and Olga Kwasniak hold photos of Ed McCurdy, Gil Christy and Pierre Berton. Rear rank: Frank Willis, Max (Rawhide) Ferguson, Percy Saltzman. On the small monitors: Elaine Grand, now a TV star in Britain, and the late Dick MacDougal.



## The TV star you never see

CONTINUED

feel he's the star of all his shows. McLean is at least as isolated as "stars" are supposed to be. A bachelor, he has no close men friends — largely because of a shield of self-sufficiency, an often-devastating wit and an utter disregard for the clubby clichés of small talk. Yet he's given to gestures of touching generosity; his staff members are often surprised by birthday or Christmas gifts. And his shows are frequently marked by a warmly human touch. Though he's dated most of the beautiful unattached girls at the CBC at least once, he is sometimes so unsure of himself that he's been known to plot beforehand what subjects he'll discuss. His closest friend and perhaps only real confidante is Joyce Davidson, the striking blonde who decorates both *Tabloid* and *Close-Up*. Mrs. Davidson, who is divorced, denies there's any Trilby-Svengali relationship, although after she had made some controversial remarks on a U.S. network before the royal visit last summer, McLean carefully told

her what to say and what not to say in the ensuing brouhaha. Even she doesn't profess to understand him completely.

McLean has been called arrogant by newspapers, cocky by a union official and an autocrat by associates. But other newspapers have called him brilliant, the same union official has said he doesn't resent him and most of his associates plainly think he's a genius. Even among the newspaper columnists whose almost weekly practice it has been to blast him, one has written "Criticism of Ross McLean has usually been founded on the fact that he and his standards are big enough to take it," and another has said flatly that McLean has contributed more to CBC-TV than any other individual.

His chief contribution has been to act as a bridge between two widely separate facets of the CBC's corporate personality: on one side the flamboyant, brassy dispenser



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CROYDON

of *entertainment*, a sort of civil-service song-and-dance man; on the other the tweedy, pipe-smoking brahmin of *information*. McLean has brought the flair of show-biz to the often-dull realm of televised talks and public affairs.

In his eighteen-year broadcasting career, which began when he was a Brantford, Ont., schoolboy, the effect of that flair has seldom been more evident than on *Close-Up*, the half- (or occasionally full-) hour video magazine that is watched by a million or more Canadians every week.

To many of them, judging by *Close-Up*'s mail, the program is in the charge of J. Frank Willis, whose strong-hewn features appear on their screens while his authoritative voice introduces such widely varied subjects as Bertrand Russell, Jack Benny, Egypt and the plastic-bag menace. In fact, virtually every word Willis speaks on the show is written by McLean. Before a recent program Willis picked up his script, an hour from air time, and smiled

at McLean: "You're running off at my mouth again."

The McLean-written words are assembled in spurts of a lively, staccato, often punny style that (some critics charge) sounds exactly like *Time* magazine. Stories "leap" from the nation's front pages and "zoom" onto *Close-Up*. Jayne Mansfield becomes a Hollywood "contour-de-force." The nation's newspapers, *Close-Up* announces, have been keeping their readers "abreast of Brigitte Bardot." McLean-written conversation almost never sounds like conversation.

"No one," insists Pierre Berton, a regular *Close-Up* interviewer, "really talks like that — except Ross McLean."

McLean does. He speaks in carefully turned phrases, apparently editing as he goes. His conversation sounds punctuated, with colons, commas, quotation marks and, between almost every pair of phrases, three dots. It's spangled with epigrams of the Oscar Wilde school and puns of a school that's even wilder. So

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

### "It happened to me"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's... stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.



After she was slugged by a young prowler, Jeann Beattie got interested in trying to help him. Their friendship led to her association with The Saints.

## I was "big sister" to The Saints

The young men with the duck-tail haircuts needed a friend who wouldn't be shocked by their problems. I volunteered. It was the most frustrating, heart-breaking—and sometimes rewarding—thing I've ever tried to do

**By Jeann Beattie**

IN EVERY CITY, big and small, there is a strange, uneasy little world of young people who talk alike, dress alike and are lumped together in newspaper headlines as juvenile delinquents. Three years ago, because a sixteen-year-old prowler in my apartment panicked at my sudden awakening and conked me on the head with an iron bookend, I blundered into that world. It was the most frustrating, enriching, educational, heart-breaking and rewarding time of my life. I reeled through experiences which ranged from the hilarious to the tragic, spent hours in courtrooms, was tabbed the leader of a teenage crime ring and the teenagers' girl friend by the police and, most important, became an honorary member of a boys' club with the improbable name, The Saints.

When I try now to remember how it all began, I have to go back a long way. I have to go back through the arrest of the teenager—back to my mistaken notion that he was not the guilty prowler, to my meeting with him in Toronto's Don Jail, and

to the beginning of our subsequent friendship.

My interest in him and his dilemma (which I described in a Maclean's article in August 1957) did not begin with any blinding flash. On that violent night of my first encounter with the prowler, David, I experienced no spiritual transformation. The blow he gave me with the iron bookend knocked me down. When I staggered to my feet I had no impulse whatever to ask him sympathetically, "Well, now, and who misunderstands you?" My reaction was far more primitive. I shrieked. I remember wavering between one urge to spring at him and break every bone—misunderstood or not—in his body, and another to cower in the bathtub, where his blow had sent me sprawling. I compromised and remained there, screaming wildly, as we stared at each other. I remember thinking, "Don't be ridiculous... this is not happening." That incredulity was to return many times, over the months I spent with The Saints.

David was sentenced to fourteen months at the



Ontario Reformatory at Guelph. It was his third conviction. We corresponded during that time, and a combination of sympathy for a confused, lonely boy and a growing interest in his world drew me deeper into that world.

When David got out of jail he asked me to attend a meeting of a club formed by teenagers who had banded together to "get the kids off the streets, give them something to do and do something about juvenile delinquency."

Most of them lived in Parkdale, a west-end area of Toronto with more than its share of poverty. Most of them, too, were on intimate terms with some of our finest training schools, reformatories and prisons. Their lives had three boundary lines. One was the restaurant, where they spent hours in aimless conversation. One was the pool hall. One was a stern grey building — No. 6 district police station.

David was one of the club's organizers. The average age was eighteen, but the club's membership, which soared to sixty-six in a month, was open to young men sixteen to twenty-three. They had chosen St. Mark's Anglican Church, Parkdale, as a meeting place because it was convenient, it had accommodation for meetings and dances, and it had a young minister who was receptive to their idea.

So on a brisk February night I walked for the first time down the shadowy lane beside the church, into the building and up a flight of steps. They were crowded together on the landing, these

young people who make the headlines. You couldn't mistake them — duck-tail hair styles, a fierce, restless vitality, the arrogant tilt of head and grins that did not cancel out a thoughtful scrutiny of me. They wore scarlet jackets — official uniform of The Saints — and strides.

In a room too small, it seemed, to contain such energy, I was ushered to the head table. Fifty pairs of eyes studied me. I reached nervously for a cigarette. Four matches flamed from four different directions. Someone helped me off with my coat. An ashtray was pushed in my direction. Aaron, the meeting's chairman, officially introduced me as "a friend of David's who wants to help us." David's friendship was my probationary passport.

The meeting got under way with roll call and the collection of dues. All the time the noise swirled and bounced and bubbled through the room. Someone referred irreverently to "the fuzz." I looked at a grave-faced teenager beside me. "Fuzz?"

"Police," he translated.

I caught another phrase, "a bale of weed," and looked inquiringly again at him.

"Package of cigarettes," he said and grinned. Gossip was being exchanged near me. Someone was "on the street" again. "Out of jail," my translator explained. "Don't worry, you'll catch on." He was right. Months later, in conversation with business associates, a sudden glazed look in their eyes would remind me that I had lapsed into the colorful phraseology of my fellow Saints.

The chairman announced the next item of business. Three club members had been charged with armed robbery. I almost swallowed my cigarette. They discussed the club rule: any member getting into serious trouble with the police was expelled. They decided armed robbery was serious trouble. I nodded furiously in agreement. With regret, a member moved that the offending members be expelled, the notification of their expulsion to be sent to their new address—Kingston Penitentiary. Aaron explained that such minor charges as vagrancy and disturbing the peace were tried by the club's court. He listed the club's court officials for me and when he reached "crown attorney" he clapped a hand over his mouth. "We don't have a crown now," he gasped.

"And we won't have one for seven years," someone yelled. The "crown attorney" had been one of the three charged with armed robbery.

Swiftly they moved on to other business. The treasurer, who doubled as secretary, had borrowed from the club's funds and, despite promises, the money had not been returned. The discussion was heated and, I was to learn, typical of the straightforward practicality of these young people. He would be relieved of his responsibilities as treasurer, but he would continue as secretary. "That way," someone announced from the floor, "he'll have to sit and face us every week."

A discussion of the weekly dance was followed by a routine which became my favorite period of club meetings — the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



As an honorary member of the club, the author talks with the Rev. O. R. Orr whose church hall provides meeting space. She was once questioned sharply by police.

**SUEZ:** *"the conflict remained localized"*  
**SUMMIT:** *a truce on Berlin "not impossible"*  
**THE UN:** *"It is too concerned with the avoidance of war only"*

These and other trenchant views from the retired and ailing prime minister of Britain were highlights of this

## visit with Anthony Eden

BY BLAIR FRASER MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

ONLY A HANDFUL of men still living took part in all the great decisions of World War II from 1939 on — Sir Winston Churchill, Lord Alanbrooke, a few more of Churchill's close and trusted colleagues. Another group, somewhat larger but nevertheless quite small, had a major share in the peacemaking, setting up the United Nations at San Francisco, putting out the brush fires in Korea and Indo-China, devising a treaty with Austria that Soviet Russia would sign.

But there is perhaps only one man in the world who knows the whole story of the latest major crisis, the invasions of Sinai and Suez in 1956 — who knows exactly what the Israeli did, what the various Arabs did, what the French and the British did, and why, and what they intended. It happens that this one man is also a member of both the other select groups, those privy to the great decisions of war and peace. He is the Right Honorable Sir Robert Anthony Eden, K.G., P.C., M.C., sometime prime minister of Britain and her foreign secretary for many years before that, and now an English country gentleman.

Sir Anthony lives today in a retirement that looks idyllic, on a small farm near the village of Pewsey, Wiltshire. The house, built in the fifteenth century and modernized in the reign of Charles II, is a gem. In it, Sir Anthony combines the life of a country squire with that of a historian, cultivating his garden and writing his autobiography. (The first volume, covering 1950-57, will be published next month.)

These happy appearances are misleading.

In fact Eden is an ill man, almost certainly incurable. His ailment results from a surgical mishap some years ago, before he retired, and though later operations have relieved they have not removed the trouble. Its effect is a constantly recurring fever, often quite high, that makes regular activity impossible. Even a four-hour day can weary him to the point of exhaustion.

A man of more placid temperament might contrive an almost normal life in this situation, but Eden still has the nervous energy that drove him through a long and brilliant career to the highest office in Her Majesty's service. Apparently he can work only at high tension. The result, according to old friends, is a sharp variation in his condition from day to day; he is sometimes a human dynamo and sometimes a virtual invalid.

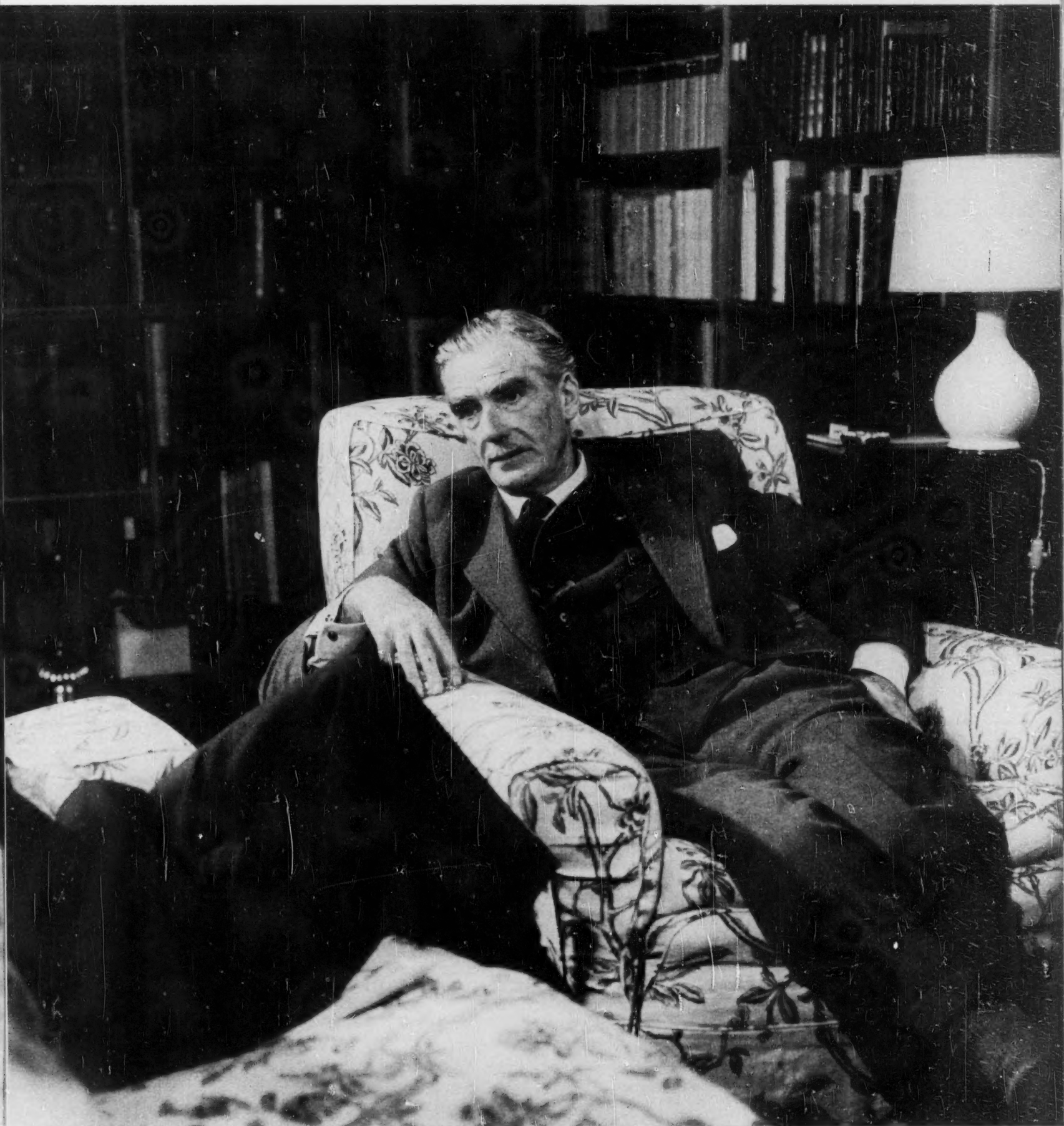
But the casual visitor sees nothing of this, and hears none of it from Sir Anthony himself. By the patient's own account his health is "fair—I get the return of these fevers from time to time, part of the result of these operations, but apart from that I can manage pretty well."

Outwardly he looked fine when a CBC television crew and I descended on him a few weeks ago for an all-day interview. At sixty-two he is still slender, still handsome, and in spite of his grey hair still boyish. To a doctor his high color might be a symptom of those intermittent fevers, but to a layman's eye it seems the ruddy glow of health.

We met him in his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48





Because of his long-standing illness, four hours' work can exhaust Sir Anthony. Here he talks with Fraser in his 15th-century country retreat.



The women of Winnipeg's Wolseley Avenue have twice formed a defiant ring around The Tree to save it from destruction. On the second occasion the mayor arrived and ordered the city crew to stop cutting.



Mrs. Ellen Bird grabbed a workman's axe to prevent him from using it on The Tree. The subsequent publicity embarrassed her and she moved from the city.

## Can Winnipeg's wonderful elm survive a second century?

Vandals have attacked it with fire and dynamite. Motorists have cursed it as a hazard. City fathers have ordered it chopped down. But the magnificent tree that Mary Ann Good planted 100 years ago still stands stolidly in the middle of a residential street—a monument to the many whose stubborn affection has saved it



Mary Ann Good, who planted it, posed by The Tree in 1905 with a granddaughter.

BY ROBERT METCALFE

**W**hen Mary Ann Good, as a fresh young bride of seventeen in the summer of 1859, planted elm saplings on a bleak farm beside the Assiniboine River where Winnipeg now stands, she had one burning hope in her heart.

She hoped the scrawny shoots would grow into big and glorious trees which one day would lord it over this flat, cheerless prairie that stretched for mile after tedious mile.

And so they did. The trees she planted by the dozen grew tall and vigorous. In summer they cast a restful shade and serenity over the farm, in winter an air of stubborn dignity while their naked limbs bent before the icy winds which whipped around the austere lives of the settlers.

Mary Ann lived to see her benevolent elms pass into the grateful hands of other settlers who followed with steam-heated houses, hot and cold running water, electric lights, fridges, radios, cars and asphalt roads. And she lived to defend her trees against the axes of early engineers who thrust their streets, their power lines and their gas, steam, sewer and water mains onto the farm she and her husband sold to make way for a growing city.

One tree in particular was marked for execution by the engineers. It was a huge elm with three thick forks and towering branches. It barred the route of a road they were building parallel to the river.

This tree also happened to be one of the first elms that Mary Ann had planted almost fifty years before. Quickly organizing her friends and neighbors, she petitioned city council to let the tree stay. Mary Ann won her case, the tree was saved; and the engineers glumly wound their road around either side of it.

The saga of The Wolseley Tree had begun.

Since that first skirmish over its fate in 1908, other attempts have been made to remove The Tree from its mid-street island. Each has been foiled.

The big elm, though scarred and scorched from repeated attempts on its life, is now a hundred years old — older than the City of Winnipeg, older than Canada. Its domain is the middle of Wolseley Avenue, a tree-lined street which winds through a genteel neighborhood of aging frame and stucco family homes in Winnipeg's west end.

Today's engineers argue that somebody could easily drive into The Tree and be killed (so far nobody has); today's defenders say The Tree is as good as a traffic cop because it safeguards their children by making motorists slow down to get around it (it certainly does).

The Tree is an affront, though, to modern street-planning and policing. It causes frustration to city engineers, bitter disputes between city politicians, embarrassment and rifts between old neighbors, arguments among Winnipeggers wherever they live. Local newspapers have covered its trials and triumphs as thoroughly as they've covered floods, blizzards, wars and elections, and Robert Ripley made The Tree and its tiny grass plot famous as "the smallest park in the world." Believe-It-Or-Not.

Winnipeggers on trips in Canada and abroad are often asked: "How's that tree of yours doing?" For vandals and pranksters, it's a target for destruction — though they've paid dearly in magistrate's court for their fun.

But mostly, The Tree is an object of obstinate affection for people who live in its neighborhood, for people who used to live there and, so it seems, for tree lovers everywhere. The fact that it still stands is proof of the tenacious sentimentality that spurs the neighborhood into battle with officialdom whenever attempts are made to cut it down.

Of all the battles over The Tree, none caused such widespread excitement and wrangling as that of September 1957, when a grim and determined band of Wolseley women, backed by Winnipeg's mayor, ringed The Tree with a wall of defiant humanity and stood their ground against police and city engineers.

As word and picture of the unforgettable scene flashed abroad, the world might have wondered at the spectacle of the citizens of Winnipeg, in the age of sputniks and cold wars, finding time to argue the fate of a tree. But find time they did — and the meaning of trees to prairie people had a lot to do with

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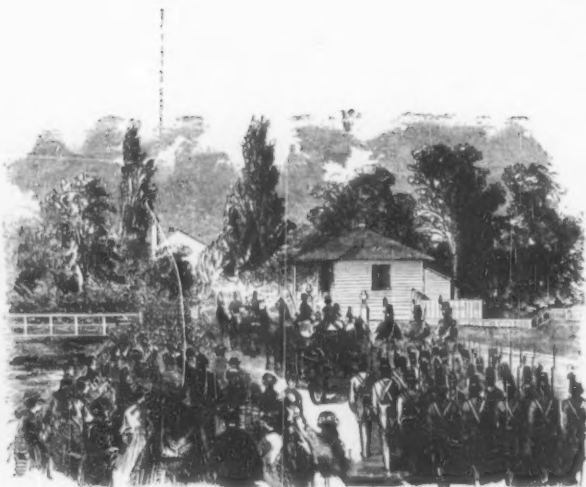
# Canada finds her own Pepys

Political payoffs for "the boys," the mordant wit of Sir John A. Macdonald, a plot to blow up the Commons, the hilarious embarrassments of early royal tours...

The diaries of SIR JOSEPH POPE  
scrupulously recorded the sights and sounds and scenes of Canada's first fifty years of official life



Prince Arthur (light topper) led a dignified procession in Edmonton in 1906 but lunched in a makeshift shop-cum-banquet hall.



Prince of Wales' 1860 visit to P.E.I. was sketched by a local artist and watched by the six-year-old Pope.

Sir Joseph Pope was not only about the most durable civil servant this country ever employed, he was also its most indefatigable diarist. From the day in the summer of 1870 when, at sixteen, he became a treasury clerk in the P.E.I. government led by his uncle, until the day in the spring of 1925 when he retired as under-secretary of state for external affairs in the government of W. L. Mackenzie King, he jotted down notes on just about everything. Lieut.-Gen. Maurice Pope has now edited his father's diaries and, in a biographical section, rounded out the story of a fascinating career that paralleled the first fifty years of Canada's nationhood. The following excerpts are drawn from that book, to be published next month by Oxford University Press under the title, *Public Servant*.

**M**y earliest recollection is of the visit of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, to Charlottetown, in the summer of 1860. I remember His Royal Highness distinctly as he drove up the main street of the town, a pale, delicate-looking lad.

This royal visit was a red-letter day in the annals of Charlottetown, which, settled almost exclusively by immigrants from the United Kingdom, formed in their isolation from the outside world a community thoroughly British in tone, animated by the most loyal and devoted sentiments to the Throne and Person of our beloved Sovereign and of affection for the dear land of England. One was not compelled to listen in those days to any rubbish about "nationhood" and "equality of status" and all that sort of thing. Nobody agitated for or even suggested or dreamed that we should possess a distinct flag, or a brand-new national anthem of our own. The Union Jack and God Save the Queen satisfied our loftiest aspirations, and we should have regarded any attempt to change either as a species of apostasy calling for the severest condemnation. We were proud of our colonial connection, and asked for nothing more.

The second public event impressed upon my memory is the visit of the delegates from Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to discuss the great question of Confederation of the British North American colonies, who assembled in Charlottetown on the 1st of September, 1864. I remember my father taking me on board the Canadian steamer *Victoria*, which conveyed the delegates to Prince Edward Island, and recall being introduced to Messrs. Cartier, Brown, McGee, and perhaps one or two more. I remember, too, meeting George Brown at my father's house, of climbing up on his knee, and of his giving me sixpence. Such was my first acquaintance with Canadian statesmen.

There was a formal reception in the capital [Oct. 1878] to our new Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne and HRH the Princess Louise. The streets were thronged with an enthusiastic multitude, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the royal and vice-regal

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

Booking Les Grands Ballets Canadiens into the remote Quebec boom town of Sept Isles seemed as improbable as billing Ulanova in a Klondike saloon. The result was only one of several surprises Madame Chiriaeff and her dancers got

## WHEN BALLET CAME TO THE BUSH



Leaping over an excavation, Margaret Mercier swiftly emptied a nearby poolroom.

BY KEN LEFOLII

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GABY

**Les Grands Ballets Canadiens**, an irrepressible dance company from Montreal, came to Sept Isles, a bushbound boom town on the rim of the Ungava Barren Lands, on an historic Thursday afternoon late last fall. They were booked for a one-night stand on a rumpled frontier where no ballet company even danced before, and they felt like Ulanova getting ready to follow Klondike Lil on an all-star bill at the Last Chance Saloon.

"We feel very proud to have the courage to go to a place where nobody but booted and bearded people will come to see us dance," Ludmilla Chiriaeff, the company's founder, director, and principal choreographer, said — bravely but with a pioneering tingle of trepidation — just before the troupe left Montreal. As it happened, both the choreographer and the boom town were in for forty-eight hours of sharp surprise and unconscious comedy.

Dancers Eric Hyrst, Margaret Mercier and Roger Rachon got their first look at Sept Isles' ore carriers — and some townsfolk got their first close look at ballet dancers.

CONTINUED  
ON NEXT  
TWO PAGES



On the beach, dancers from Les Grands Ballets look for driftwood souvenirs. Later, at a matinee for 800 children, paper darts punctuated a classical duet.

## "THE VISIT UNMASKED BALLET LOVERS ALL OVER TOWN—IT WAS A LOCAL RENAISSANCE"

Before curtain time, the dancers were still unsure how miners would react.

CONTINUED  
FROM  
PREVIOUS PAGE



Like almost everybody else who comes to Sept Isles, the dancers came by air. Sept Isles is on the north coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, five hundred air miles east and north of Montreal, and has neither a road nor rail link with the outside. Circling the landing strip, the airborne ballet company saw a tidy townsite of twelve thousand people, set in a geometric grid on the sandy shoreline of a bay several miles across. The harbor is protected by a narrow peninsula that hooks into the gulf; the passage between the peninsula and the mainland is broken up by six small islands and a rock reef — the seven islands of Sept Isles.

The town could be a suburb of Montreal or Toronto: repetitive squares of white-trimmed bungalows stretched out behind a main street of two-story shops and hotels. The biggest things in town are the five-story skeleton of the new hospital and the two-million-ton stockpile of crushed hematite iron ore near the Iron Ore Co. of Canada's rail-sea terminal in the east corner of the townsite.

Although Sept Isles paint work runs to white the town's complexion runs to rust. Everything is stained by dust from the red ore stripped from the Iron Ore Co.'s mines at Knob Lake in the Ungava tundra, shuttled 357 miles south by rail to Sept Isles, and shipped from there to the Great Lakes or Europe by ore carrier. Nobody in Sept Isles complains about the rusty dust, though: without it the boom town would still be the salt-caked fishing village of less than a thousand people that it was when the Iron Ore Co. started stringing the Quebec North Shore & Labrador Railway north to Knob Lake.

The QNS&L claims to be the only railroad in history built by an airlift, and old Sept Isles hands are accordingly blasé about offbeat air cargo. But they looked twice when the DC3 carrying Les Grands Ballets bellied into their landing strip and spilled: six male ballet dancers, nine ballerinas, a choreographer-director, a pianist-tambourine

player, a stage-lighting man, a talent agent, seven overgrown wardrobe trunks and a tangle of lighting equipment and curtains and hangings and props. Leo Bernache, the short plump talent agent, bounced down and said, "Thank God we're here. We kept thinking the whole thing would fall apart."

Bernache was responsible for the company's improbable presence in the bush. An ingenious salesman of the musical arts, Bernache deals highbrow entertainment to small-town audiences by an arrangement called Community Concerts of Canada, which is an offshoot of Columbia Artists in New York city. It works like this: at Bernache's persuasion a local committee organizes a town concert society collecting a set annual subscription fee from each member (Sept Isles has 769) and spending the money to import talent offered by Bernache. Although a city as big as Hamilton has a concert society, most of the seventy-five towns on Bernache's circuit are small, and for six to ten dollars a year the society members see three, four or five performances by artists who would otherwise be booked only into big cities. Thus artists play to pre-sold audiences and Bernache picks up a pre-collected commission. On the tour that took them to Sept Isles Les Grands Ballets played a dozen concert-society towns between Shawinigan Falls, Que., and St. John's, Nfld., and were the first ballet company ever seen in several of them, including Sept Isles. In the last couple of years, the Sept Isles Society has chosen dual-piano teams, operatic baritones, violin soloists and string quartets. So for them a full-dress ballet company was the most daring excursion into culture yet.

From the airport a car pool of concert-society members shuttled the dancers to the Santerre Hotel, Sept Isles' second in social standing. The Hotel Central and the Northland are patronized mostly by miners down from Knob Lake — some of them, in vindication of Mme. Chiriaeff, bearded and booted. The Santerre and the Sept Isles Hotel are used by traveling salesmen, CONTINUED ON PAGE 31



Indians from Iron Ore Co. double as stage hands for Mme. Chiriaeff.

In two hectic days almost 2,000 people — one sixth of Sept Isles' population — saw the ballet company perform. Here Eva Von Gencsy dances *La Belle Rose*.



# My life on the ocean wave

Among globe-trotters who'd rather not fasten seat belts and stare at cloud banks, the growing fleet of Atlantic liners is winning unprecedented popularity. Here's your ticket to spend a luxurious week with a Maclean's editor

By McKenzie Porter

WHEN I EMBARK in an Atlantic airliner I am dispirited by the dulcet voice of an invisible female who welcomes me aboard and presumes that I am avid to know the names of the driver and the maids. From my airplane window over the Atlantic I've seen little but clouds, an occasional glimpse of a forbidding ocean and, toward the end of the trip, landscapes that suggest those dreary Russian pictures of the backside of the moon.

Nor have I encountered much glamour aloft. In my time I've flown alongside a hockey player who removed his shoes, an ironmonger who dozed on my shoulder and a brat who kept grabbing at my glasses. When I flew from New York to London last July I got hopelessly trapped beside a Seventh Day Adventist pastor who spent ten hours telling me why it is un-Christian to go to church on Sundays instead of Saturdays.

The last time I went to London my disenchantment with flight gave place to alarm. I read of speakers who warned the British Association for the Advancement of Science that "travelers' trauma" threatens the sanity of Western society. "It results," said one diagnostician, "from too many attempts to go too far in too short a time. It is marked by utter exhaustion. If the pace of travel in Europe and North America does not slacken the populations will suffer a catastrophic crash of mass neurosis."

So I decided to return to Canada by sea.

I was not the only reactionary. At the shipping offices in London's Trafalgar Square hundreds more were booking berths on old-fashioned sea-borne vessels. Far from shrinking in the growing shadow of the airlines the shiplines are burgeoning. Ship travel between Europe and North America increased from three hundred thousand in 1947 to more than a million in 1957. Today the shiplines' share of the total Atlantic traffic of two and a half million passengers a year is only a fraction less than the airlines'. Ten years ago eighteen shiplines operated fifty-eight vessels on the North Atlantic. Today twenty-six companies operate seventy-one vessels on this route.

Between shiplines and airlines there is little difference in fares. One-way first-class passage in either scales down, according to accommodation and vehicle, from around six hundred dollars to less than four hundred; second class from three hundred and fifty to three hundred; third class from two hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five. But the shipline fare includes between five and seven days of feasting, drinking, flirting, CONTINUED ON PAGE 28



His retinue and a mysterious emigré countess help the author relive his sojourn in the Empress of Britain during her last call of the year at Montreal.



his sojour

Photograph by Paul Rockett

1960

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY 16, 1960

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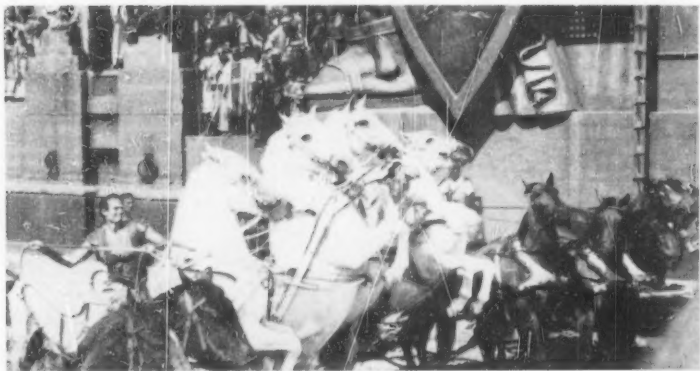
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# Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



## BEST BET

**BEN-HUR:** Justifiable misgivings usually prevail when Hollywood spends a fortune on a costumed "epic," but for once the final product lives up to its own ballyhoo. The characters in the story—including Charlton Heston as the title-role Jewish aristocrat and Haya Harareet as his low-born sweetheart—are just as important as the tumultuous spectacles. Among the latter are a chariot race and a primitive naval battle, both crammed with thrills. Stephen Boyd as Messala is a memorable Roman villain. Even the Crucifixion and other religious episodes are handled with unmaudlin vitality under William Wyler's direction.

**BELOVED INFIDEL:** A smoothed-over and rather dull dramatization of the true-life romance between F. Scott Fitzgerald, the despairing and drunken novelist, and Sheila Graham, the Cockney cutie who became a Hollywood gossip columnist. The roles are played, conscientiously but seldom convincingly, by Gregory Peck and Deborah Kerr.

**THE CAPTAIN FROM KOEPENICK:** Also based on real events is this engaging satire from Germany. It offers a remarkably persuasive performance by Heinz Ruhmann as a shoemaker who masquerades as an army officer and makes a mockery of Prussian militarism.

**THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN:** Half-fraud, half-genius is the eccentric moviemaker Henry Fonda plays in this intermittently amusing romantic comedy, with Leslie Caron as a French actress who becomes his sorely frustrated spouse. Rating: fair.

**NORTH WEST FRONTIER:** A spectacular and generally entertaining action drama from Britain, filmed in India where the turn-of-the-century events are supposed to happen. A bullet-splattered old train, a horde of savage "natives," a cheerful English captain (Kenneth More) and a plucky American governess (Lauren Bacall) are among the prime attractions.

**THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE:** Gary Cooper and the busy Charlton Heston are the well-matched principals in this excellent mystery-and-action thriller, with a sombre "ghost ship" and a chilly court of inquiry as the contrasting locales.

## GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

**Anatomy of a Murder:** Courtroom drama. Excellent.  
**Ask Any Girl:** Comedy. Good.  
**The Best of Everything:** Drama. Fair.  
**The Bloody Brood:** Crime drama. Fair.  
**Bobbikins:** British comedy. Fair.  
**Career:** Show-world drama. Fair.  
**Carlton-Browne of the F.O.:** British comedy. Good.  
**The Devil's Disciple:** GBS comedy-drama. Fair.  
**Ferry to Hong Kong:** British comedy-drama. Fair.  
**The FBI Story:** G-man drama. Good.  
**The Five Pennies:** Biog-musical. Good.  
**Girls Town:** Reformatory drama. Poor.  
**A Hole in the Head:** Comedy. Good.  
**House of Intrigue:** Spy drama. Fair.  
**It Started With a Kiss:** "Naughty" comedy. Good.  
**The Jayhawkers:** Western. Fair.  
**The Last Angry Man:** Drama. Good.  
**Left, Right and Centre:** Comedy. Fair.  
**Libel:** Courtroom drama. Fair.  
**Look Back in Anger:** Drama. Good.  
**The Man Who Couldn't Talk:** Courtroom drama. Fair.

**The Mouse That Roared:** Comedy. Good.  
**North by Northwest:** Comedy-thriller by Hitchcock. Excellent.  
**The Nun's Story:** Drama. Excellent.  
**Odds Against Tomorrow:** Drama. Good.  
**On the Beach:** Atom-survival drama. Good.  
**Pillow Talk:** Comedy. Excellent.  
**Porgy and Bess:** Music-drama. Good.  
**Pork Chop Hill:** War drama. Good.  
**The Rabbit Trap:** Drama. Fair.  
**The Roof:** Italian comedy-drama. Excellent.  
**Room at the Top:** Adult drama from Britain. Excellent.  
**The Scapegoat:** Drama. Fair.  
**Sign of the Gladiator:** Drama. Poor.  
**A Summer Place:** Drama. Fair.  
**10 Seconds to Hell:** Suspense. Fair.  
**They Came to Cordura:** Drama. Good.  
**Third Man on the Mountain:** Alpine drama. Good.  
**—30—:** Newspaper drama. Fair.  
**Tiger Bay:** Suspense drama. Good.  
**Upstairs and Downstairs:** Comedy. Fair.  
**The Wonderful Country:** Western. Good.  
**Yesterday's Enemy:** War drama. Good.

dancing, gambling, exercising, relaxing and sight-seeing.

Exalted by the promise of these therapeutic delights I embarked, one warm Friday afternoon last summer, in the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company's *Empress of Britain*. Against the skyline of grimy Liverpool she looked truly regal. She's a three-year-old twenty-five-thousand tonner with a speed of twenty-one knots. She's almost twice as long as a football field and as wide as Yonge Street, Toronto. In fact she's a graceful, white, jumbo-sized yacht, sporting an orange-colored smokestack and a china dog in the captain's front window.

Below the open sports decks and glass-enclosed promenade decks she has a movie theatre, a swimming pool, a children's playroom, a shopping centre, a daily-newspaper plant, a library, a telephone switchboard, a battery of elevators and a ballroom. Her dining rooms, drawing rooms, writing rooms, cocktail lounges, and bars are so like similar facilities in first-class hotels that a passenger whose memory had been dimmed by grog once stepped out onto the deck and shouted "Taxi!"

The comfort of the second class compares closely with the first. Like many modern liners the *Empress of Britain* is a symbol of the leveling influences of postwar economics. The old third-class accommodation, though still offered by some shiplines, has disappeared from CPS liners; and CPS has also reduced its first-class accommodation to about half the size of that in the liners of the Thirties. On my voyage the *Empress* was packed to capacity with nine hundred second- and one hundred and fifty first-class passengers.

I went aboard early to watch my fellow passengers embark. The second-class passengers came first, about half of them British immigrants. An anxious white-collar English couple herded up the gangway three small boys in those flannel shorts and school-badged beanies and blazers that are abandoned the day after the wearers encounter the derision of their Canadian classmates. A group of English stenographers came aboard and cast about them the appraising, flirtatious stares of women who'd sworn to find the sort of husky Canadian husbands their older sisters had hooked during the war. Single young Englishmen, in leather-patch tweeds, smoked bulldog pipes and suggested the engineers, tycoons, butlers, drapers and con-men of Canada's tomorrow. There were also people who'd obviously emigrated some years earlier and had been back 'ome to show off their North American clothes and flash their dollar bills before pursed-lipped relatives in Tooting Beck, Besses o' th' Barn and Kirkcudbright. Most of the remaining second-class passengers were returning Canadians; students who'd made the Grand Tour at Dad's expense; middle-aged couples who'd been on "a trip of a lifetime"; military families and some junior-executive types. An old woman in European peasant black stumbled up the gangway with a big wicker basket, and wept.

The first-class passengers embarked one hour later, wearing the satisfied expression of stage stars who've lunched at leisure and know that a respectful audience awaits them. Predominant were the widows, ample, elegant, bejeweled, nearly all Canadians, the living testimony to a high-pressure economy, the incidence of coronary thrombosis and the soundest life-insurance companies on earth. There, too, were the uniformed officers of Canada's three services, returning from European stations, each with a pretty wife,

and children who chattered in a curious blend of English and North American accents. Among them were a handful of young tycoons from booming Britain, in tight suits and curly fedoras, and shaggy English aristocrats spreading their characteristic smiles of weary amusement, and one or two plump American and Continental European businessmen.

When we cast off for Montreal crowds on ship and shore waved, shouted and blubbered and the *Empress'* loud-speakers blared out that stirring sea shanty, *A Life on the Ocean Wave*.

It's a very high life indeed.

For one thing the nominal baggage allowance of two hundred and seventy pounds per person, against the airlines' strict maximum of sixty-six, enables passengers to bring many changes of clothes, an advantage the women exploit with the speed and frequency of chorus girls. More than once male passengers, anticipating the fancy-dress ball, have lugged aboard the *Empress* two-pistol Western outfits, one-man-band kits and suits of armor. Once the *Empress* carried for an American military antiquarian something that would have made the airlines blow their top; a basketful of Cromwellian cannon balls.

Another factor conducive to gracious living is the manner in which those inconvenient Atlantic waves are snubbed. During the six-and-a-half-day voyage from Liverpool to Montreal the *Empress* spends only three days in the open ocean. The rest of the time she is cruising in the glorious River Clyde — where she picks up passengers embarking at Greenock, Scotland — and in the majestic St. Lawrence.

## Life among the lofty

In my private first-class stateroom-with-bath, which cost four hundred and five dollars, I lived rather like Wodehouse's Bertie Wooster, my Jeeves being a steward who pressed my clothes, laid them out, helped me into them, and gave me a heady sense of wealth and importance. The Lucullan meals in the opulent first-class dining saloon, with excellent wines at duty-free prices, were served by waiters who gradually built up in me the conviction that I was born to the purple.

I was swept off my feet in a whirl of rank and renown and it came to me in a blinding flash why some people still travel first. The captain's cocktail party for first-class passengers was a kaleidoscope of fashionable evening gowns, tuxedos of red, white, blue and black, dress uniforms, massed banks of flowers, flashing fiddlesticks and gently floating silver trays filled with tinkling glasses and delicious canapés.

I was introduced to many people whose names, even if they are not for conjuring with, beg to be dropped. I met, for example, Rt. Hon. Sir David Jenkins, one of Britain's Lord Justices of Appeal, and his brother, Sir Evan Jenkins, chairman of the Eastern Bank Ltd., who intended to see Canada from coast to coast by train; Lady Keeling, the lanky, red-headed, vivacious widow of the late Sir Edward Keeling, MP for Twickenham, who was going to visit friends in Maine; and Lady Henrietta Banting, the handsome widow of Sir Frederick Banting, the Canadian co-discoverer of insulin, who, as a doctor in her own right, was returning from a medical convention in Edinburgh.

Hobnobbing with titled people always brings out the best in me. Lolling among them on my steamer chair I poured a glass of Tio Pepe into my morning bouil-



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## "Stewards were kept hopping till dawn, carrying ice to stateroom parties"

lon with all the aplomb of Charlie Chaplin in his most mannered moments. I remembered to say "mantelshelf" instead of "mantelpiece," "wireless" instead of "radio," and "scent" instead of "perfume." And I never once poured the cream into my tea first, hitched up my pants when sitting down or wore my shoes too highly polished.

So well did I disguise from my fellow passengers the fact that my grandparents and great-grandparents included plumbers, weavers, crofters and cowhands — and a nut who dyed the uniforms of the American Confederate Army for trunks full of greenback dollars — that I was awarded the supreme social accolade of the voyage. With Mrs. Jennifer Lindsay, an attractive matron with a blue rinse, who was on her way back from Rome, Paris and London, where she'd been buying fashions for the T. Eaton Company's Montreal store, I was appointed a judge of the fancy-dress-ball costumes. At this packed, hilarious event we awarded the women's prize to a pretty girl who wore a tattered bed sheet and called herself "A Victim of the Voyage" and the men's prize to a man who wore a rubber hatchet "buried" in his head and carried a placard inscribed "The Squaw's Lover." The ball went with a swing. The belle was a delicious blonde of about nineteen. Her hordes of admirers cast nervous glances at her father, a senior RCMP officer, six foot four if he was an inch and two hundred and eighty pounds if he was an ounce. "And so bloody vigilant," moaned a young Cockney.

From morning until night there was always something afoot in the Empress. I backed horses on the ballroom track. Each model horse advances on the throw of a dice bearing its number. I backed women contestants in the Atlantic Derby. The women cut through a long length of ticker tape with a pair of curved nail scissors to the accompaniment of "hurry up" music from the band. First home wins. I played Name Bingo: you get your shipmates to fill their names in blank spaces on your card; then names are drawn from the Bingo Basket instead of numbers. The owner of the first card that is filled wins. I saw first-run movies, swam in the pool, and played ping pong, quoits, shuffleboard and deck tennis.

In my wanderings about the ship I learned many things of moment . . .

The supposed ship's bell that rings nautical time is not a bell. It's a bit of old steel tubing which the officer of the watch holds against the public-address mike and thwacks with a monkey wrench.

The passengers' dogs, in trim kennels on the top deck, are mighty lively. And for a good reason. The man in charge of them is one of the ship's butchers.

If a baby is born on the Empress, and this happens once every three or four voyages, it is a British subject, regardless of the nationality of the parents. When the Empress goes winter cruising in the Caribbean the captain has to refuse passage to many South American women who try to get aboard in an advanced state of pregnancy with the object of bearing a British baby. All babies born in British ships are registered for official purposes by the registrar of Stepney, one of the Greater London boroughs. Even if a baby is born on the Empress ten yards off Montreal docks its birth certificate will show that it was born in Stepney.

The motorized lifeboats on the Em-

press have no oars. If the gas runs out the passengers pump levers backward and forward and the manpower is transmitted to the propellers through gears. The crew call them Barmaid Boats.

The Empress' crew numbers four hundred and sixty-five. Nearly all of them live in Liverpool. CPS ships are registered in Britain and are manned by British crews because Canadian crews would cost the company about twice as much in wages.

Captain Stanley Walter Keay, master of the Empress, invited me one day on his routine inspection of the crew's quarters. He is a tall, lean, ruddy, blue-eyed man of fifty-seven. He stoops slightly in conversation, cocking an ear to listen and folding his hands demurely over his midriff. And he is so shy that his once-a-voyage cocktail party and his reading of the lesson at a Sunday service are greater ordeals to him than fog conditions in the iceberg tracks off Labrador.

I went down with Keay in an elevator to a deck well below the waterline and found that the crew live in neat air-conditioned cabins for two, four, six or eight, with chintz curtains that draw across the bunks. Pictures of wives and children adorn the bulkheads. Duties of the crew: four hours on and eight hours off. Some off-watch seamen were playing cards in the wet canteen, which they call the Pig and Whistle.

I saw many small messes for ten or twenty men, with comfortable tubular-steel chairs at the tables. Deck hands, stokers and stewards eat in separate messes. "The men like to be with their own kind," Keay explained.

We passed the quarters of the thirty women crew — the stewardesses, shop-girls, hairdressers, children's nurses and stenographers. Keay didn't enter the women's quarters. "They are the responsibility," he said, "of the surgeon's

nurse, the senior woman aboard." The crew call these quarters Fluff Alley.

Finally we inspected the kitchens, which look like the kitchens you glimpse through swing doors at hotel banquets, and peeked into the engine room, which looks like a laboratory scene from a television play about atomic scientists.

Later Captain Keay took me to his day room just below the bridge. This resembles the sitting room of any average Canadian home.

Ashore, he lives in Colchester, a southern-English garrison town, and sees his wife and family there for three days once every three weeks. His father was a British army surgeon. At thirteen Keay won a CPS scholarship to HMS Conway, the merchant navy school in North Wales. At sixteen he became a cadet in CPS freighters, doing the job of a deck hand but living with the officers. Over eighteen years he climbed: fourth, third, second and first officer in CPS freighters. Then, in 1935, he became first officer in the old Empress of Britain.

When she was bombed and sunk off the Irish coast in 1940, during a troop-ing voyage, Keay was so seriously wounded in the back he spent six months in hospital. In 1943 he was first officer in the CPS liner Duchess of York when she sunk off the Azores. During the engagement he, with the help of several ratings, threw an unexploded German bomb overboard. For this he received the OBE and the coveted Lloyd's of London Medal. This he wears near his right lapel, separate from his service ribbons.

I learned more about Keay from Staff Commander W. E. (Bill) Williams, the lean, dark second-in-command. The captain, said Williams, rarely mixes with his officers. Discipline, you know. Yet Keay is not a martinet. He chides his subordinates with dry humor.

Once, when serving as first officer

under Keay, Williams was on the bridge. "I had to overtake another ship," said Williams, "but I didn't wish to change course. As a result I passed this ship far more closely than I had intended to."

Came a telephone call from the captain's day room.

"Williams?"

"Yessir."

"Are you smoking?"

"Er . . . yessir."

"Have you matches?"

"Yessir."

"Oh, good. I thought you were trying to borrow a box from the master of that other ship."

Williams also likes to cite examples of his captain's sailing ability. Such as the time Keay conducted a thorough but futile search for a man overboard. There was a heavy mist, but Keay sailed back and forth four times between two lifebelts that had been thrown over as markers, each time swinging the Empress in a tight circle and never once failing to spot the markers. "In a ship of this size," said Williams, "that amounted to superb seamanship."

Williams would take command of the Empress if the captain fell ill. But as long as the captain is well he has no sea-faring duties. His job is to make sure that the passengers have a good time.

"Actually," he told me, "I'm just a major-domo. My big worry on this voyage is a consignment of the rubber balls we use in novelty dances. Couples dance with their hands behind their backs and hold a ball between their foreheads. The couple holding onto its ball longest wins. Well, half our latest consignment of rubber balls are glazed and half are mat. Glazed balls slip more easily than mat balls. Imagine the complaints I'm getting from the couples who received glazed balls. No end to my problems, I assure you."

On my voyage Williams did his job well. Toward the end of the trip hundreds of passengers were on first-name terms with each other. Some even had new nicknames. Sir David Jenkins and his brother Sir Evan were dubbed "The 'Eavenly Twins."

During the last evening on board there was much discussion about how much to tip. Average for first-class passengers: ten dollars each for the dining- and bedroom stewards, five dollars each for the wine steward and bedroom stewardess, two dollars each for the deck stewards and bell boys. Some first-class passengers also tip the head waiter heftily and send the chief steward, the purser and other junior officers a bottle of whisky. Second-class passengers usually tip about half as much as first-class passengers.

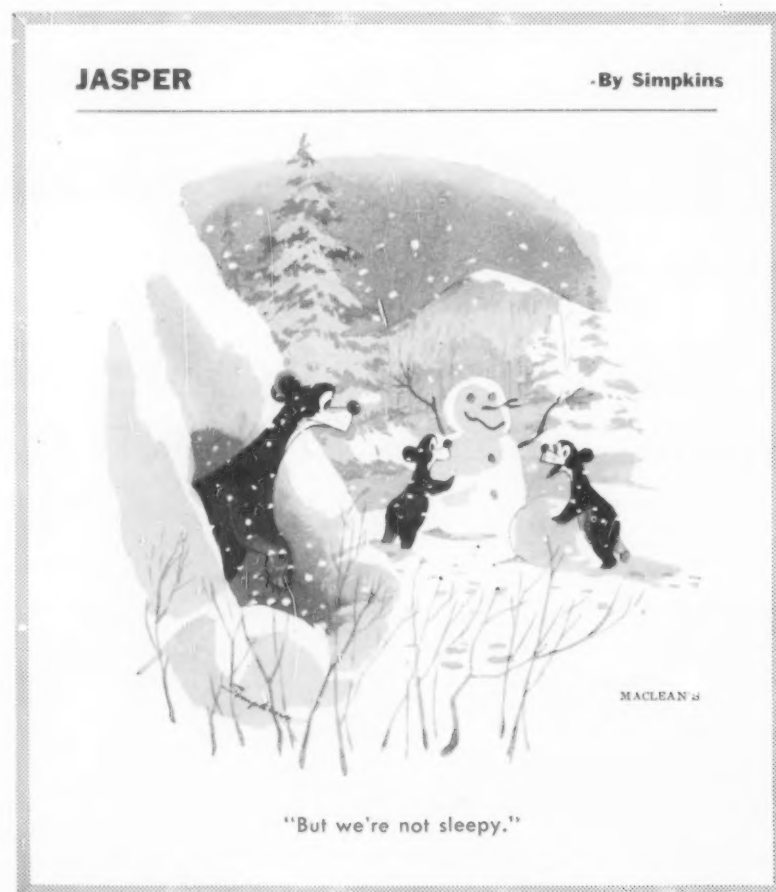
On the last night of my voyage stewards were kept on the hop until dawn, carrying ice to stateroom parties. At seven on a Friday morning, six and a half days out from Liverpool, hundreds of hangovers were carried gently into the sweltering heat of Montreal docks. The English, in their thick clothing, looked at one another in consternation. "It's like West Africa," said one.

At a farewell breakfast, with Staff Commander Williams, I asked: "How long will it be before the airlines put you out of business?"

Williams: "Not in my lifetime. In fact we're getting business back from the airlines. Many executives now fly out and sail home. It gives them time to write up their reports and relax a little after their hectic trips. In this company we have no fears and only one regret. We regret we did not think up the advertising slogan used by Cunard, our biggest competitor: 'Getting there is half the fun.'" ★

JASPER

By Simpkins



"But we're not sleepy."



## When ballet came to the bush

Continued from page 23

visiting engineers, and anybody else who reaches town in a white collar. The Sept Isles is new, though, and consequently outranks the Santerre in prestige. The dancers found the beds at the Santerre comfortable, the meals expensive, and the bathrooms at the end of the corridor.

While they unpacked their leotards Mme. Chiriaeff supervised the unloading of the stage baggage at the theatre, during less exotic seasons the gymnasium of the Sept Isles recreation centre.

On the way in Paul Gendron, the recreation director, gripped Mme. Chiriaeff's hand and invited her troupe to use the swimming pool in the other wing. It was, he said, the only Olympic-size swimming pool in the province of Quebec.

Four amateur stagehands in tin hats, on loan from the Iron Ore Company, were ingeniously converting the gym floor into a theatre pit by stacking shallow wooden concrete forms in tiers, covering them with plywood, and setting up almost eight hundred chairs so that the balletomanes toward the back could see over the heads of the ones in front. The tin-hatted stagehands were Montagnais Indians from the Maliotenam reservation nine miles east of town, a new village built by public funds not long ago to encourage the Indians to abandon their shack town in the west end of Sept Isles itself. The Montagnais compromised: about six hundred moved out to the rows of boxes at Maliotenam, and four hundred stayed where they were.

I asked the stagehands' leader, a rugged youngster named Pierre Ste. Ange, how it felt to break into show business. "I'd like it better if it were permanent," he joked back in fluid French, and explained that when the company lays them off for the winter he and his band trek into the Ungava tundra to trap wolverine and mink and shoot caribou.

On-stage, Mme. Chiriaeff was chewing her knuckle and sliding her foot along the uneven plywood floor boards. A wave of her hand summoned a pair of dancers; she sent them for a bag of resin. A more courtly wave brought a representative of the benevolent Iron Ore Co. Was it, the choreographer asked, a matter of convenience to procure a floor-sanding machine? *Certainement*. Mme. Chiriaeff ran the machine back and forth across the boards in a billow of dust and improvised new exits and entrances for the dancers, angles for the lights and changes for the décor.


Off-stage, ballet came to main street. Dancer Roger Tully ducked out of the wind into a dry goods store and asked for a pair of woolen stockings, long and warm, to reach above the knee. The salesgirl said they had no demand for thigh-length men's stockings. What about those? Tully, a diminutive but heavily-bearded man, asked, pointing. She gave him what he wanted and hustled next door to Woolworth's to tell her girl friend that she had just sold a strange man a pair of black nun's stockings, and how about that?



Gaby, the photographer who was taking pictures for this article, chose a

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gaping hole dug across the main street to typify a town where there is the skeleton of a new building around every corner. Ballerina Margaret Mercier slipped out of a waiting car and began leaping across a corner of the pit in the road while Gaby exposed his film. By the third leap a poolroom behind the pit was empty and half a shift of Knob Lake iron miners were gaping at the spread-eagling dancer.

"Oh, baby," an unbearded miner sang out, "how you can jump!"

Ballet was the day's big buzz around town long before the curtain went up on the four-o'clock matinee, performed for close to eight hundred school children. In spite of sanding, washing, and a layer of resin, the floor was as slippery as glass; in the opening ballet, a classical duet, the dancers showed less than their usual enthusiasm. The kids were quietly attentive. The next ballet included a pantomime sword duel between knights on horseback, and the kids came abruptly to life. "Hit him again, Shorty!" an aroused small boy shouted to the underdog. The paper airplanes that had been gliding fitfully around the hall disappeared, and as ripples of amused response ran up from the kids the dancers warmed to their work.

A millrace of excited youngsters, most of them girls, waited around after the final curtain for an off-stage glimpse of the stars. When they appeared the kids swarmed around Eva von Gencsy, who in one ballet danced a maiden pursued by too many lovers, and eventually was captured and embraced by one of them. The first bobbysoxer to reach her pulled the dancer's head down and whispered in her ear, "Did he really kiss you? Did he really?"

The dancer laughed and said, "Boom towns, they mean nothing, I see. Always, anywhere in the world, it is the first thing they ask, the girls." She turned to the youngster, "Yes, really," she said.

#### A black-tie crowd

The evening audience started filing into the gym half an hour before the eight-thirty curtain. Blue business suits, white linen, over there a black tie. The ladies in fur stoles, here and there the bright plumage of a high-fashion hat from Montreal's Sherbrooke Street. Nowhere a beard. Nowhere a pair of boots. By curtain time the house was full and the doors were closed, giving the boom town a marked edge in manners over Montreal and Toronto, where audiences are less and less in the habit of arriving until just before intermission.

The heat of the lights at the matinee seemed to have softened the resin; the footing was firmer and the dancers whirled into a classical study, switched to a farce, brought on a wistful dance-poem to a Debussy melody. The soloist who danced the poem, Véronique Landory, drew the first ringing bravos from the rear of the house. The pandemonium in the blacked-out dressing cubicles was unnoticed out front.

The rafters rang with applause for the rest of the evening. Ballet was at home in the bush, or, to state the unexpected case more accurately, the people of this new kind of boom town were at home with ballet.

So much at home, it seemed, that before the first performance ended there was a public clamor for an encore the next evening. Would the troupe stay over. The troupe voted yes, with a certain amount of temperament but no tears, and Paul Gendron, the recreation director, mounted a publicity blitz to

cheer the soul of a Broadway press agent.

Before the curtain came down that night Gendron had the nearest radio and TV station, at Matane on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, beaming the news into Sept Isles: the "miraculous" Grands Ballets had yielded to popular demand for a repeat showing the next day, and everybody in earshot owed it to himself to participate in this "local renaissance." A more subdued version of the same message flashed on the screens of both local movie houses between features. Gendron didn't knock off for the night until he had arranged for printing presses to start rolling out tickets and posters next morning, a sound truck to start booming the news through the streets at noon and flying squads to hit the nearby towns with blocks of tickets.

While the publicity blitz rolled through the following day, some of the dancers explored the boom town and the encircling bush. They crawled through a traffic jam on main street, passed blocks of bungalows meticulously planted equidistant from the sidewalks (Sept Isles claims it has more home owners per capita than any town in Canada) and watched conveyor belts pour six thousand tons of crushed hematite iron ore an hour into the hatches of giant ore carriers. Sept Isles is Canada's busiest St. Lawrence Seaway port in tonnage shipped.

They skirted excavations for new light industries, new schools, a new hospital, a new city hall, new docks for iron ore carriers. "You're looking at the world's greatest iron-and-steel region," Leo Landry, an Iron Ore Co. personnel officer who acted as a guide, told the dancers. "But you're just a little early."

Landry, an ebullient and tireless advocate of Sept Isles' virtues, drove them twenty miles east through the wasted scrub-pine terrain to the Moisie River. From the river mouth they looked upstream at a private salmon-angling club with a membership fee of fifteen hundred dollars a year; there, if their timing was right, they might see Bing Crosby, Ted Williams, the ball player, or Sinclair Weeks, U.S. secretary of commerce, casting for Atlantic salmon. Not far away they counted the bulbous radar domes of the Moisie RCAF station, a link in the Pine Tree warning line.

Back in Sept Isles the blitz was unmasking ballet lovers all over the boom town. "I've never seen anything to match it," Paul Gendron said. "We don't get an advance sale like this for big-time wrestling." Nobody was quite sure why *pas-de-deux* was outselling grunt-and-groan. Leo Bernache, the troupe's agent, argued that it was a simple case of art triumphing over everything. He was waving a late review from Jacob's Pillow, Conn., where a month before Les Grands Ballets had been the acknowledged sensation of America's leading dance festival. The U.S. reviewer, who called the Montreal troupe "the most exciting company of young dancers on the North American continent today," said their closing performance had made the Jacob's Pillow audience behave as if they were "seized with the screaming meemies."

There was as yet no official case of the screaming meemies in Sept Isles, but the feverish demand for tickets was still running high. At curtain time the box office was still selling tickets at a frantic rate.

That night the rafters rang again, and Sept Isles added another to its chest-thumping string of superlatives. In two days almost two thousand people, a sixth of the entire population, had filed into the gymnasium to shout bravo to Les Grands Ballets. ★



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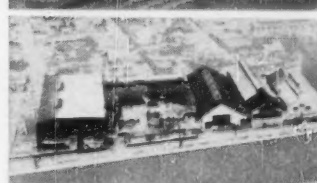
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**For the sake of argument** continued from page 8

**"We no longer even have politicians who can make us really angry"**

The pitched battles of twenty-five years ago between the socialists and fascists are gone, replaced by self-conscious parades of freshmen pretending to revive the old "boola-boola" spirit. Where are the coeds on the picket lines? The biggest political group on the University of Toronto campus is the Young Conservatives, whose theme song should be "Let's Fight for Old Status Quo!" If you're not radical when you're young, you've already begun to die.

My youthful circles were quite a long way removed, socially and geographically, from any university, but we knew more and cared more for current events than any student of modern history or political science does today. World events were personal things. We were one in spirit with the soldiers of the Ninth Chinese Route Army and the refugees from Malaga. We threw the dynamite bombs with the Asturian miners and the paving blocks with the *Parisians* against the *Croix de Feu*. A hounded Berlin Jew and a Tynesider on the dole were one of us. Compassion hadn't yet gone out of style, and we weren't too proud and smug to be sentimental.

Nothing seems to make us angry any more. The pictures in the press of Vietnam or Arab refugees awakens a slight feeling of pity, which we sometimes douse (if we think of it) with a contribution to CARE. The biggest things in the world are no longer hunger, poverty, and oppression, but the Diners' Club and Tortionaire suspension. The only things we are ready to fight against are increased property assessments and a two-mill increase in our taxes. A slang expression sums us up completely: "I couldn't care less."

The fact that we may all be atomized in the near future doesn't seem to bother us at all. Despite the hysterical anti-Soviet propaganda being disbursed by the U.S. State Department, none of us is really mad at the Soviet Union. We're not even mad at the Americans for manufacturing the first atomic and hydrogen devices, even though we know they have no compunction whatsoever about using them against defenseless people, as they did at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and wanted to do in French Indo China. Only a few of us are angry enough to join parades to ban the bomb, and lots of us look upon these demonstrators as archaic crackpots and screwballs. When we won't even protest against something that threatens the very survival of civilization we're too sick to be dead.

Samuel Johnson said that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, but we seem to have run out of scoundrels lately in Canada. We have allowed Canadian patriotism to become a vulgar word to be scribbled on fences by little boys in Quebec. The Anglo-Saxon Canadian has lost his patriotism, and the New Canadian has not had a chance to learn what it is. Only the French Canadians are patriotic, not for Canada as a whole, but for its French-speaking sections. In a continent that is overwhelmingly English-speaking and threatening its language and way of life, the French-Canadian is the only one with something left to be mad at.

National pride has been given by default to a group known as the Native Sons of Canada, who try so hard to be

angry about such shattering things as a Canadian flag and a national anthem. The rest of us just yawn, and wish that the Native Sons had allowed themselves to wither away along with the Sons of England and the Orange Order.

Despite the editorial writers, we refuse to become angry about American infiltration and domination. If the Americans built the DEW line, let them have jurisdiction over it, and if U.S. affiliated trade unions take their orders from Washington or Detroit, that's all right with us. Didn't Colonel McCormick of the Chicago Tribune control a pulp-mill town in Quebec, and didn't an automobile manufacturer in the States say his Canadian company couldn't export cars to China? You'll never find a "Yankee, go home!" sign in this country, and we still scrape like country cousins when we hear Canada mentioned on a U.S. television program.

Today, we are unimpressed by oppression abroad, and indifferent to inequalities at home. An old naval expression,

*EVEN!*

*My disposition is sunny,  
I consider myself in clover  
If at the end of the money,  
None of the month is left over!*

MAY RICHSTONE

"To hell with you, Jack; I'm inboard," has become the cry of what is left of our national conscience. We keep ourselves from being reminded that the poor are always with us by giving an annual donation to the community chest (deductible from income tax). Nobody's really mad anymore about wages, working hours, old-age pensions, slum housing or underprivileged children. We think that guys who go on strike today are slightly barmy, and the picket line, like the soup line, is something we would like to forget. When thirteen thousand people were thrown out of work at the A. V. Roe Company in Toronto early last year, there was more sorrow over the loss of the plane they were building, the cancelled Avro Arrow, than the loss of their income.

Though some women are nattering today about the use by supermarkets of trading stamps, I saw not one letter to a newspaper denouncing a one-cent-a-quart rise in the price of milk. If anyone started a crusade against the rising cost of living, he would be incarcerated as a dangerous madman. The cost-of-living index means less to us than the fluctuating price of Brazilian bonds. We have conditioned ourselves to ignore such minor irritations as genocide, planned obsolescence, third mortgages and shoddy workmanship. Only the New Canadians embarrass us by carrying placards denouncing Khrushchov and the Soviet Union. We can no longer understand why young men run riot in Baghdad and Cairo, or why they fight in Algeria or Cuba. "Those Spicks and Wogs will never learn," we murmur to ourselves on the way to the bank. We can't conceive

of anything being important enough to fight for, and wonder musingly why we once thought differently.

There was a time when we could switch our anger from the injustices of the world to the ineptitude of an umpire or referee who had given our home team a raw decision. Nobody is ever so partisan a fan as when he has a team to cheer for, made up of friends and neighbors. Today, with our home-town teams made up of paid imports, it takes quite a bit of self-delusion to be angry at the other team. At the end of each sport season, whether it be hockey, baseball or football, we can be conned into a purely mechanical pride in the achievement of the team that wears the name of our town on its uniform, but this pride is as ephemeral as snow. The only sports fans who still retain a genuine anger against the opposing team, in my town at least, are the immigrants, who cheer for their national soccer teams. This form of rudeness is denounced by the rest of us as being silly. We have outgrown such childishness as being mad at anything.

There are still angry old gaffers who denounce the Liberal party as being made up of crypto-communists, and newspaper Mad Hatters who believe the Canadian Labor Council is out to take over the country. There are also a few angry young men here and there within our borders, but their anger is petty and petulant, and is motivated by personal gripe rather than widespread anger. Our politicians, of all parties, are no longer angry with the opposition, and their constituents are no longer angry with them, even when they can remember their names. There was a time when the CCF and Social Credit parties roused our enthusiasm or made us froth at the mouth, but today our politics are as dead as we are. The only two politicians who could make us really mad, Maurice Duplessis and Mitch Hepburn, are gone, and to all intents and purposes so are Tim Buck, C. D. Howe and Solon Low. Joey Smallwood angers a few of us, for a minute or two now and then, but his fireworks hit us like squibs. The Communist party is dead, the CCF is dying, and Social Credit is the Conservative party under another name. Plans for a new farmer-labor party are brought out now and again, but public apathy kills its formation in embryo.

The only ones among the population who are angry at anybody are the teenagers, and they're angry at their parents. It's too late for the parents to fight back, because they were taught, while the teenagers were of spanking size, not to strike a child. We're not even angry at the pseudo-psychologists who taught us to strike our colors rather than to strike our brats.

There are still a lot of angry people in Europe, and most of Africa and Asia is stirred and brought to life by anger against foreign exploitation and enthusiasm for national recognition. For such a young country, Canada gave up its anger early. I can't think of anything that will make us collectively mad, except a hydrogen explosion or two or a country-wide dousing with strontium 90. I hate to think that phlegmatism is our national characteristic, but I'm afraid it is. Twenty years ago this would have made me mad, but today, "I couldn't care less." ★

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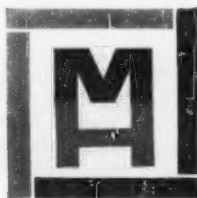
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Canada finds her own Pepys continued from page 20

### He felt "very small" after meeting Sir John A.

party. In the midst of this crowd I struggled hard to keep my feet. At the corner of Sparks and Elgin Streets stood a policeman endeavoring to restrain the crowd, in the front rank of which appeared a vigorous female, apparently of an aggressive temperament, for she kept pressing resolutely forward, intent on elbowing her way. Immediately behind her I found myself, a slight delicate youth, who, not noted at any time for aggressive propensities, had less occasion than usual for indulging in anything of the kind just then, as I had been traveling with the celebrities and had seen them several times a day for the past week.

"Keep back," shouted the constable, pressing his baton against the chaste bosom of the lady in front who, on being addressed, turned sharply round, and directing her glittering eye full on me, called out loudly, "Who are you pushing?"—adding with ever-increasing emphasis, "Where are you pushing to?" Thereupon the policeman shook his baton threateningly in my direction and I shrank back, regarded by everyone as the chief offender. How many times in life have I seen similar tactics employed with equal success, and an impudent cry of "Who are you pushing?" attain its object of diverting censure from where it rightfully belonged to fall on one entirely blameless.

My first meeting with Sir John Macdonald was in this wise. It happened that, in the autumn of 1881, Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, the Minister of Customs, who was then acting as Minister of Marine and Fisheries in the absence of my uncle, asked me to go over to the Privy Council Chamber and bring him a packet which I would find in the drawer of his desk. I went over accordingly, and with the permission of the Clerk entered the Chamber and began looking for the papers. While I was so engaged, the door at the further end opened, and Sir John entered. On seeing me he stopped short, saying in a severe tone, "What are you doing here, Sir?"

I briefly explained, but he evidently was not satisfied. He rang the bell, and the Assistant-Clerk appeared. Looking toward me, he said sternly to that officer, "Nobody should come in here except the Clerk of the Council," whereupon I withdrew feeling very small indeed.

In the same autumn my friend Fred White, who, in addition to filling the office of Comptroller of the North West Mounted Police, was Sir John Macdonald's private secretary, and who as a consequence found himself greatly overworked, said to me one day that the time had come when he must have an assistant in the secretaryship, and that he proposed suggesting my name to Sir John for the position. In a day or two White told me that he had spoken to Sir John, who desired to see a specimen of my handwriting. It satisfied him, and shortly afterwards I began work with White, taking down and writing out letters from his dictation, making copies, filing documents, and so on.

It was not until the following February that I was admitted to the great

man's presence. White happened to be ill one day, and I was sent for to take some shorthand notes. Sir John received me most kindly at Stadacona Hall, putting me at my ease at once. I took down his letters, reproduced them to his satisfaction, and all was well.

A friend of mine who had occasion to be up late one night in Ottawa chanced to meet Mr. Edward Farrer, then on the editorial staff of the Mail newspaper and one of the most brilliant and versatile journalists of that or any other time, taking a lonely walk on Parliament Hill at dawn on a beautiful morning in May. Mr. Farrer had been engaged to do some work in the preparation of campaign literature.

"What are you doing up at this hour?" said my friend.

"Thinking over my paper in defence of the Government's railway policy," replied he.

"Well," said the other, "are you satisfied with your work?"

"Satisfied, yes," answered Farrer, "I'm so d—d well satisfied that I don't see how I am going to answer it, and that's what is keeping me up." He had undertaken to write the railway campaign sheets for each side, and no doubt did both superlatively well.

I recall my first morning at the Conservative office in Toronto. Mr. David Macpherson, Speaker of the Senate, and I drove in from Chestnut Park. The campaign of 1882 was then in full swing. Among the early callers was a certain Mr. Piper, whom I afterwards discovered to be what Mr. Edward Blake would have styled "a practical politician." Mr. Piper, whose appearance—perhaps for the reason that he wore a light-colored tweed suit and a black top hat at the same time—is indelibly impressed upon my memory, strode into the room, and after exchanging the usual greetings, bent over Mr. Macpherson's desk, and in reply to an enquiry as to how things were progressing, replied in a hoarse whisper, "The boys in the Ward are waiting to be fixed."

"Fixed?" replied Mr. Macpherson, "What an extraordinary expression. Good gracious, Mr. Piper, what do you mean?"

Mr. Piper, however, who appeared in no mood for such pleasantry, contented himself with observing in a surly tone: "Those chaps have got to be looked after or there'll be trouble."

Nothing more passed on the subject at the time, but a day or two later Mr. Piper called again. As he passed into the minister's room, he nodded familiarly to me, bending over my desk as he remarked confidentially, "The boys in the Ward are all right. Harry [his brother] was down there last night and attended to them."

The Macdonald Government's railway, North-West, and immigration policies were under fire. A feature of the last-named came in for some adverse criticism. This was a system of assisting female immigration to this country with the object of providing wives for the

prairie settlers, among whom there was a great shortage of women. This scheme, however excellent it might be in theory, did not work well in practice. A number of loose characters took advantage of its provisions to get out to Canada, and Sir John, who as Minister of the Interior was specially responsible for the execution of this policy, decided to discontinue it. Amongst its warmest advocates was a certain M.P., for many years a strong and consistent Protectionist, who after the National Policy had been placed on the statute book, feeling his occupation gone, took up this immigration scheme as an outlet for his surplus energy, and pressed it strongly upon the Government. One evening as the gentleman in question was waiting in my office for Council to break up, in order to learn the decision of the Government as to the continuation or abandonment of this policy of assisted immigration, Sir John walked into the room and seeing him, said, "I'm sorry, Angus, but my colleagues and I have talked over the subject, and we have come to the conclusion not to go on with the assisted immigration, at any rate for this year." Then, seeing the look of disappointment on his old friend's face, he put his hand kindly on his shoulder and added: "You know, Angus, we must protect the Canadian w - - - s."

When Sir John Macdonald decided to select Mr. Kirkpatrick as Speaker of the House of Commons, he signified his intention by a short note which ran:

My dear George,

I purpose, if you have no objection, to knock you into a cocked hat at the opening of Parliament next week.

Yours always,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

I remember one unusual parliamentary experience. It occurred during the prorogation of 1884. I was on hand as usual, moving about behind the Throne. The bills passed during the session were assented to in the customary manner, and the Governor-General had just unrolled and was beginning to read his speech, when I realized that the royal assent, which is signified by a special ceremony, and for which I had no responsibility, had not been given to the Supply Bill. There was not a moment to be lost. Withdrawing the curtains which hung at the side of the Throne, about which the Ministers stood grouped, I pulled Sir John's coat tail. He turned sharply round, evidently resenting the intrusion, when I whispered in his ear that the Supply Bill had not been assented to. Like a flash he took in the situation, and stopped the proceedings. The omission was speedily repaired, and the reading of the speech resumed. Had I not acted quickly, had the prorogation ceremony been suffered to take its ordinary course, as in all probability it would have done without my intervention, it would have been necessary to issue a fresh Proclamation summoning Parliament anew for the express purpose of enabling the Governor-General to accept in the Queen's name, from Her Majesty's faithful commoners, the supplies necessary to the carrying on of the public service.

The winter of 1884 saw a revival of Fenian activities, quickened by the advent of Lord Lansdowne who, probably by reason of those high qualities which were destined to secure for him the respect, esteem, and regard of the Canadian people, had incurred in a marked degree the ill-will of these gentry. Special emissaries were sent on here from Chi-

cago to dog the Governor-General's footsteps with murderous intent. I have seen an intercepted report from one of these ruffians to his chief, in which he described how he lay concealed all day in the woods surrounding Rideau Hall waiting for the Governor-General to come out, but His Excellency did not appear. The fellow adds, "I could have shot the boy"—meaning Lord Lansdowne's eldest son, Lord Kerry, who was skating on an open rink nearby—"but my heart failed me."

Some people, particularly those upon whom the responsibility of action did not

rest, affected rather to minimize the gravity of the Fenian reports current at that time. Among these I rather think should be included Edward Blake, then leading the Opposition, but from the day on which Sir John called Mr. Blake into his private rooms in the Commons, and there showed him two large sticks of dynamite sufficient to have done considerable damage to the Parliament Buildings, which had been found with wires attached immediately outside the window of the chamber in which they were then standing, and also gave him, as a Privy

Councillor, communication of the report to which I have referred above, I think he became disposed to regard the matter more seriously. At any rate, those responsible for the Premier's safety saw to it that he was suitably guarded and never suffered to drive home alone, especially late at night.

The summer of 1888 was spent more or less uneventfully at Inch Arran Hotel, Dalhousie. It was an uncommonly cold, wet season, particularly in Ontario, chiefly remembered by me as giving oc-



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casion for a witticism at the expense of our weather prophets which appeared in a local newspaper during the ensuing September:

The Mr. Moses Oates, now confined in Brantford gaol on a charge of indecent assault, desires it to be understood that he is not the Mr. Moses Oates who predicted a dry summer.

I shall always look back on Sir John's last election campaign [1891] as the most arduous experience of my life. We left Ottawa for Toronto on the 15th of February. On the night of the 17th, Sir John read at a great public meeting a scandalous brochure written by Edward Farrer, editor of the *Globe*. It openly advocated the annexation of Canada to the United States and held that the defeat of Macdonald would be the signal for the annexation movement to begin.

After a short stay in western Ontario, Sir John left for Kingston where his presence was urgently required both in his own and surrounding constituencies. His strength proved unequal to the task, and after a few days he was obliged to take to his bed. To me this period was one of undiluted anxiety.

Sir John stayed with Dr. Williamson, his brother-in-law, a widower who lived in a desolate-looking house with the minimum of comforts of any kind, painfully lacking the evidence of a woman's touch, and was besieged by politicians who thought only of their immediate interests, intent only on extracting from him the last measure of service. "Joe," said Sir John to me one afternoon as he lay half dozing in his room, "if you would know the depth of meanness of human nature, you have got to be a Prime Minister running a general election!"

In Paris, on the 23rd of February, 1893, we were present at a ball given by President Carnot at the Elysée for which several hundred invitations had been issued. The crush was overpowering, so much that it took us an hour to get in. We found there only the *bourgeoisie*, as the French aristocracy would scorn to go to the Elysée during a Republican régime.

An example of this class was afforded in the person of the Vicomte H. de Manneville, who if my memory serves me aright had some post in the French Foreign Office. This dapper little gentleman, while very friendly to us, resented the familiar attitude of some of our journalistic retinue. I remember one occasion when a London reporter, not particularly distinguished for his modesty of demeanor, addressed the Vicomte as "my dear fellow," the little man turning on him with, "Sir, I wish you would not call me a fellow!"

In the last four years death had been busy among the leaders of the Conservative party. Macdonald, Abbott, and now Thompson [in 1894]. All the chiefs had disappeared with the exception of Sir Charles Tupper, who on Thompson's death should have been summoned without delay, but who for some inexplicable reason was passed over by Lord Aberdeen in favor of Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, a worthy, loyal man, but one as little qualified to be Prime Minister of Canada as Lord Aberdeen was to be Governor-General. Then followed days which I never recall without a blush, days of weak and incompetent administration by a cabinet presided over by a man whose sudden and unlooked-for elevation had visibly turned his head, a ministry without unity or cohesion of any kind, a prey to internal dissensions until they became a spec-

tacle to the world, to angels, and to men. At one period during the summer of 1895, I remember it was almost impossible to get public business transacted at Ottawa. The session sat late. As soon as Parliament rose, the Ministers scattered. Weeks passed without a Treasury Board being held. When at last a necessary quorum was obtained, the Governor-General had gone out to his country place in the mountains of British Columbia, and the papers had to be sent out after him. The place took fire, and the Treasury Minutes, while lying there awaiting the vice-regal approval, were consumed. When at length fresh papers were procured, signed, sent to British Columbia and returned to Ottawa, the Auditor-General of the day held up many of them by reason of some obscure feud between himself and the Deputy Minister of Finance, with the consequence that public business during that unhappy summer was well-nigh paralyzed. Of these things I had intimate personal knowledge, for during this period I was Assistant Clerk of the Privy Council.

I knew Sir Wilfrid Laurier before I met Sir John and the Lauriers and ourselves were often seen in public together. On one occasion we accompanied them to a ball at Earncliffe, which gave Lady Macdonald occasion to say, half jokingly, at the breakfast table the next morning, "Sir John, do you think it quite the thing for your Private Secretary to be seen so frequently in the company of the leader of the Opposition?" "Coming to my house, yes," replied he. There seemed to be something implied in the qualification, but he really meant nothing by it, for about the same time he said to me that he was glad we were friends, adding, "Laurier will look after you should you need a friend when I am gone."

I recall the fuss made over Sir Wilfrid's acceptance of the G.C.M.G. "A democrat to the hilt," he had always described himself. Years afterward he spoke to me about this, in explanation of his course. He said that when he got over to England, he found all arrangements made for his acceptance of the honor, that his acquiescence was taken for granted by the Queen, and that to refuse at the last hour would have been a boorish act and one deeply resented by Her Majesty. I quite believed him when he said that, in the circumstances, he could not have done anything else, much as he would have liked to. Many members of his political supporters were greatly chagrined, though on the other hand many of his personal friends were, I think, rather gratified than otherwise at the honor paid to the representative of Canada.

I had not long returned from England when I visited Washington on Alaska boundary business, with the special object of procuring photographic copies of certain documents bearing upon the ancient international controversy between Great Britain, Russia, and the United States respecting the Oregon boundary, in which the parallel of 54° 40' north latitude formerly bore a large part. The National Democratic Convention of 1844 demanded the reoccupation of the whole territory of Oregon, up to 54° 40' "with or without war with England," and this agitation in popular parlance became widely known as "Fifty-four forty or fight." On the present occasion I brought with me a secretary and a photographer, and having transacted our business at the old Arlington Hotel, we slipped out of Washington as quietly as we had entered. On leaving,

I asked the clerk at the desk for my bill. He passed it out under the wicket — I picked it up and read "\$54.40," at which I nearly collapsed.

During the early part of 1904, a sensation was caused by the Earl of Dundonald, then commanding the Canadian militia, publicly accusing the Hon. Sydney Fisher, at the time Minister of Agriculture, of interfering, for political purposes, with the administration of the militia, an episode which resulted in Lord Dundonald's removal from office. While there were probably faults on both sides, I, as a Government official, was not required to discuss them with anybody, and I was most careful not to do so, though more than once afforded the opportunity. There was a good deal of excitement over this affair. Though on personal grounds I could not help feeling a genuine sympathy with Lord Dundonald, I considered that his offence involved a grave act of insubordination which could not be passed over. Whether his fault justified the extreme penalty dealt out to him is another question upon which I was not called to express an opinion. It suggested to my mind, however, Sir John Macdonald's reply to an enquiry once put to him relative to a punishment imposed upon a civil servant, in which the Prime Minister took the merciful view. Lady Macdonald, who was present at the discussion, remarked, "But Sir John, don't you think — deserved it?" "My dear," answered he, "if we all got what we deserved, some of us might be in a bad way."

I was much interested in the retention of the historic name of Assiniboia, temporarily assigned to [Alberta] as a Provisional District in 1882, and wrote to Sir Wilfrid on the subject.

Ottawa, 21st February 1905  
Dear Sir Wilfrid Laurier,

Will you pardon me if I venture to express my regret that the Government propose to discard the historic name of Assiniboia.

That sonorous designation — sounding like the rolling Greek of Homer — was, as you know, applied to the original Red River Settlement in the days of the Hudson's Bay Company. Its retention would connect the new Province with the beginning of things out there, and thus tend to preserve the continuity of the history of the North West. "Alberta" possesses no significance save that it is the third name of the Duchess of Argyll. While it was all very well to pay a transient sojourner the passing compliment of calling the Provisional district after her, there is, I humbly submit, no sufficient reason to perpetuate a now meaningless appellation on a country which already possesses the euphonious high-sounding name of Assiniboia. Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH POPE

To which the Prime Minister replied:

Ottawa, 22nd February 1905  
My dear Pope,

I regret as much as you do the disappearance of the word "Assiniboia." I struggled for it all I could, but it appears that "Alberta" is now a matter of importance which the members of the North West could not give up. It is really too bad.

Yours very sincerely,

WILFRID LAURIER

*Pope represented the Canadian government in the official party that traveled with Prince Arthur of Connaught during the west-to-east royal tour of 1906.*

While Prince Arthur was at all times altogether charming, I knew royal Princes never forget they are royal, and look to other people to remember it also, and further, that some of the older members of the party were a little given to expecting special consideration being shown to them individually, which could not always be managed. I rather dreaded, too, the wild and woolly western spirit. It was, therefore, in no very buoyant frame of mind that I descended from the train on the morning of our arrival at Edmonton, and began my enquiries as to the program awaiting us there.

There was the inevitable civic address, the usual presentations and drive, followed by a luncheon given by the legislature of the newly constituted Province of Alberta, to which I learned incidentally that seventeen mayors of the surrounding villages had been invited.

At the end of a dusty drive our carriage stopped before the door of what looked to be a large shop, hastily converted into a banquet hall for the occasion. I found a horse-shoe table in the course of being set, everybody most loyal and enthusiastic, but everywhere a complete absence of order and direction. It is only fair to emphasize here that everything was then in the rough. The Province had only been constituted a few months. There had been no time for the erection of public buildings, and consequently there were none.

On entering the room, I took Prince Arthur's hat, placed it on some coils, whence it promptly rolled off under the table. Realizing that immediate measures

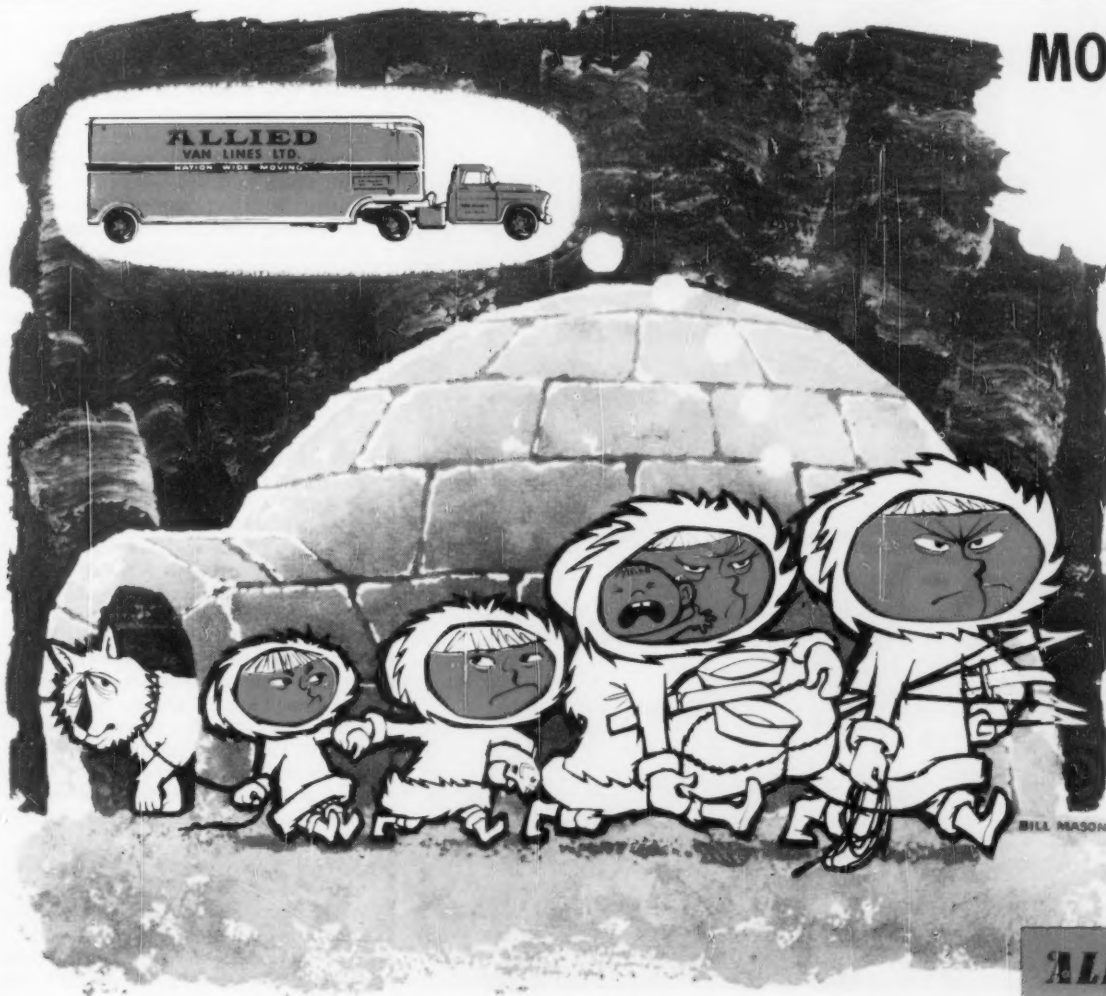
had to be taken, and seeing a shock-headed fellow rushing about, I asked him if luncheon was ready. "No," replied he, "it isn't ready, and I don't know when it will be ready," adding in a burst of fury, "for two pins you'd git no — lunch at all."

"Shut up," I said in an agony, as Lord Redesdale surveyed me through his eyeglass, "the Prince will hear you," which was more than likely, seeing that we were only a few feet apart. The man went on:

"I don't care for no Prince. I can cook a lunch and I can serve a lunch, but I don't want no — idiots round me when I am at my work." Seeing that the poor fellow was goaded to the last pitch of exasperation, I smoothed him down as best I could, got from him a list of guests, and enquired who was giving the lunch. He told me the Legislature. I asked him if they had a Speaker. He replied "Yes."

"Well," said I, "place the Speaker here. Put Prince Arthur at his right hand, and the Lieutenant-Governor on his left, and seat the rest anywhere, as there is no time for anything else." He followed my instructions. I arranged that the King's health should be appropriately drunk at the proper time, and everything passed off admirably.

I particularly remarked the excellence of the viands on that occasion. I never ate anything more delicious than the prairie chicken they served us, while the wine was something long to be remembered. I could not ascertain where it came from, but have understood that the cellars of the Hudson's Bay Company could disclose something on the point. The seventeen mayors showed a slight disposition to conviviality, but under the circumstances their manifestations of loyalty were quite excusable. ★



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Ross McLean continued from page 13

neatly engineered are some of his most famous remarks that he has been accused of scripting them in advance. McLean denies any preparation but does admit that some things he has said have appealed to him enough to write down — "for rebroadcast to the west." Even during

his occasional tantrums of petulance — at a careless stagehand or a crippling intrusion of the CBC's Accepted Procedure — his voice seldom loses its hesitant, prepared quality or its wit.

Many of the hard or hurt feelings he has caused have been unintended results

of a well-barbed epigram. On *Tabloid*, the daily program whose breezy informality and astounding range of subjects earned McLean's first acceptance as a producer, he often satirized other shows. One summer evening, the CBC unveiled a variety program called *Come Fly With Me*. It was not a hit.

Soon after, *Tabloid* opened with a spoof of the show. Old movies showed airplanes trying to get off the ground and crashing. Then the title song of *Come Fly With Me* faded into *Let's Take An Old-Fashioned Walk*. That eve-

ning, McLean met Jim Guthro, producer of *Come Fly*, in a restaurant.

"I see you're plugging my shows," said Guthro.

"I had to plug that one . . .," McLean replied. ". . . it had so many holes in it."

On other occasions he has referred to a CBC department head as "the bind that ties," and to another executive as "so unpopular even 7-Up dislikes him." He has announced of a playwright famous for adapting old material to new media: "He's written a new title."

Though he's known as a great booster of the CBC he has from time to time turned his wit upon the corporation. "The CBC has many enemies," he once said. "Among them, itself." And when a Maclean's article asked private citizens how they'd run the CBC if they had a chance, McLean wondered why the magazine didn't ask CBC management how they'd run the CBC if they had a chance.

His wit does not always bite. He has announced for no apparent reason that he's written a song called *Our Love Is Here To Stay* or invented a new industry: making earrings out of old Orphan Annie eyes.

Some of his most hackle-raising remarks, however, weren't designed to be funny at all. Just candid. As a guest on *Front Page Challenge* last February, he was asked to comment on the progress of Canadian television since 1952. While there'd been a lot, he admitted, the variety department hadn't kept up. "Their chief fault . . . is that they present too many cardboard characters . . . People aren't allowed to play themselves. Wally Koster and Joyce Sullivan are two of the most enjoyable people around the CBC. But . . . it's a well-kept secret from the public. I've actually heard Jack Kane say three consecutive sentences without stumbling . . . and I've seen Juliette frown."

His charges invoked an angry snarl from the variety producers. Among the most painful replies, to McLean, was one reminding him of his own experiences as a variety producer.

His first project for broadcast over CBLT, then Toronto's virgin channel, was *Stopwatch* and *Listen*, the conversion of a radio variety-comedy program with which he'd won an award in Vancouver. It didn't convert. Scorned by critics and public, it was resoundingly dropped after six editions. Making matters worse, some ad libs on the final show were somewhat off-color — an occurrence that could hardly be blamed on McLean; he seldom swears and has yet to be heard telling a dirty joke.

Many of *Stopwatch*'s stars were out of work for months afterward and one, a young comedian named Sammy Aaron, gave up showbusiness completely and became a successful lawyer. But the so-called "scarred veterans of *Stopwatch* and *Listen*" bear their producer no rancor. Alfie Scopp, who later found almost permanent employment on the *Howdy Doody* show, still speaks warmly of the program and McLean. "I'd gone out and got married on the strength of a steady job. My wedding evening we were on the air and Ross had to tell me it was the last show; I had a six-month honeymoon. He was really broken up and apologized to me." Later, McLean and Scopp were introduced together at a party and McLean said, "You see before you two people who almost succeeded in making each other anonymous."

When *Stopwatch* ran down, McLean had no shows to produce. For weeks he sat impatiently behind a desk or in the control room, trying dry runs.

In those days when, McLean recalls, "it took all our efforts to produce a test

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pattern." CBLT wanted to dress up its newscasts. After two other producers turned down the job, McLean was asked to visit the U.S. to scout the precedents. He came back with a rough outline of Tabloid, originally a news-and-weather show with an interview or two thrown in.

Dick MacDougal, a portly radio journeyman who'd just lost a record-company job, was signed as permanent host. Percy Saltzman, a government meteorologist whom McLean had introduced to radio a few years before, talked weather. Gil Christy, a staff announcer, read the news. Soon Elaine Grand, a fashion illustrator whom McLean had been boosting for months as a potential performer — "she was a wonderful hostess at home" — was sharing the interviews with MacDougal.

For six years under McLean's hand — until he began to devote full time to Close-Up last year — Tabloid interviewed prime ministers and postmen, bankers and dancing girls, chimpanzees and poets, artists, actors, milkmen, tramps, students, wrestlers, its own staff and occasionally no one. It has been broadcast for different periods on nearly every station in Ontario and two in Quebec and it has originated from Ottawa, Montreal, a swimming pool, a hockey rink, Eaton's window and the CBC's back parking lot. Tabloid made its regular performers — and is still, under McLean's successor, Ted Pope, making others — into household personalities in thousands of eastern Canadian homes.

It also plunged Ross McLean into some deep pools of hot water.

One frequent feature on Tabloid was the reading of viewers' letters. Most were favorable. Then in January 1956 an E. E. Robbins of Montreal wrote to criticize the show, among other things accusing MacDougal of making faces. MacDougal read the letter on the air. Then, reading from a McLean script, he said: "When we've quoted from similar letters in the past some of you have written to us to cheer us up. That's been kind of you but this time perhaps the person you should really cheer up is Mr. Robbins himself. And here's where you can reach him." A camera showed Robbins' address.

Almost immediately, Robbins' telephone began to ring. Unordered taxis arrived at the door. Someone sent two barbecued chickens. In the next few days his phone was kept so busy by irate Tabloid fans that he had to get an unlisted number. He was swamped by mail. And, most serious aspect of all, Robbins was a doctor, who needed his phone for professional calls. He sued the CBC.

Two days after the program, McLean received a letter from Fergus Mutrie, director of television, Toronto. "Errors in your judgment and taste . . . have had the effect of undoing much of the good will which you have sought to build up in this program . . . You are to be suspended immediately from your assignment as producer of Tabloid for an undetermined period . . ."

Many Tabloid fans rallied to McLean's defense. But McLean was most touched by a public statement from Dick MacDougal. McLean, who respected MacDougal's personality on the air, had not always been kind in his remarks. ("If he'd been any more phlegmatic on television he would have been a still picture.") But MacDougal endangered his own position with the CBC by calling the suspension "a disgrace."

Shortly, McLean was reinstated. After lengthy litigation, a Quebec court awarded Dr. Robbins three thousand dollars for "moral damages."

A year after the Robbins incident, Dick MacDougal died. McLean, working with a special committee, produced a memorial concert that raised ten thousand dollars for the MacDougal family.

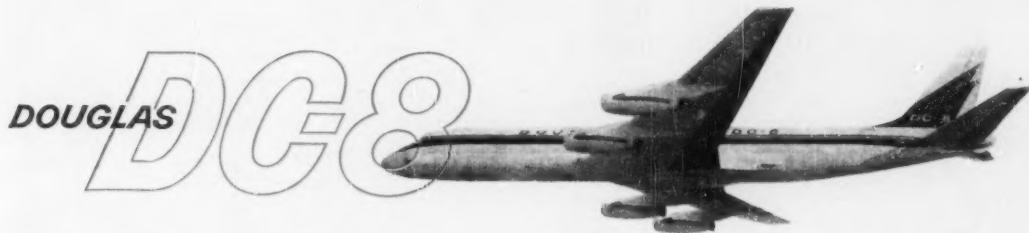
McLean encouraged his four originals to talk about themselves. He celebrated birthdays and anniversaries on the air, brought performers' children and parents to the program. Sometimes this habit enraged viewers. When part of Tabloid was devoted to films of Gil Christy's wedding, Donald Fleming, then in opposition, rose in the House of Commons

to denounce the program as in bad taste.

McLean crossed swords, too, with ACRTA, the performers' union that deals with the CBC. His roving eye for an unusual picture led him once or twice to shoot a dozing stagehand. He regularly closed Tabloid with a long shot of his crew. ACRTA complained and demanded that if the program wanted technicians on camera it pay them extra or hire bit players. McLean, who says he hadn't heard of the complaint, used the closing shot again. ACRTA spokesman Neil LeRoy blasted McLean's "cocky manner"

and threatened to jerk union members off the show. The union won.

There have been numerous other skirmishes with ACRTA — mostly over putting people on the air without going through channels. But LeRoy said recently it was inevitable that the union clash more with McLean than with other producers, because of the type of show he does. "He's a creative man—coupling entertainment and information. He just won't go for petty annoyances and red tape. I don't blame him for the position he takes but he often talks as if he were



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in charge of the whole corporation."

McLean swings back at critics, sometimes by letter, sometimes on the air. Once on Close-Up he swiped at the "one critic who didn't like our show" (at least four answered), and once from Long Shot he nipped at the "part-time" (they were summer alternates) critics of the Toronto evening papers. It's a habit he picked up on Tabloid, a show the Toronto Star's William Drylie accused of "substituting pique for perspective." McLean admits to having been occasionally "petulant."

When Tabloid was an established success, McLean introduced another daily show, Living, a sort of Tabloid women's page, with Elaine Grand as hostess. But it never achieved Tabloid's freshness of personality and when Miss Grand went to live in England, Living left the CBC.

In the fall of '56, McLean was looking for new worlds to conquer. He was nibbling at an offer from Britain when he heard CBC president Davidson Dunton was interested in a "Life magazine of the air." It soon became McLean's magazine and Ross was sent to England to study some similar shows. Close-Up was introduced in late 1957.

McLean has described Close-Up as "Tabloid with a fattened budget and a furrowed brow," and many of Tabloid's personnel and techniques were employed on the new show.

Soon, no longer producing Tabloid, McLean was searching for a new vehicle for humor. He evolved Long Shot, a half hour of nonsense and personalities—some big names imported from the U.S.; some new Canadian faces—that was scheduled as last summer's replacement for the panel show Fighting Words.

Many people at the CBC hoped the series would stay on all year. None more fervently than McLean. He took the unusual step of calling a meeting of advertising executives to try to sell the show, hoping a sponsorship would convince the CBC.

Critical reaction was mixed. Ron Poulton of the Toronto Telegram, a consistent opponent of McLean's humor even on Tabloid, called it "juvenile." Nathan Cohen of the Toronto Star compared it favorably with Mad magazine—as did a few others. While few critics were always pro or always con all summer, the general line-up in Canadian papers and weeklies was: 13 for, 4 against. Mail ran about eight to five in favor—an unsatisfactory percentage in the eyes of the CBC brass. Long Shot was dropped.

McLean was stung. He'd written the dialogue and the satirical commercials, dreamed up gimmicks for guests and produced each episode. The program's humor was purely an extension of his own. He felt its cancellation as a personal affront. But no one ever charged that Long Shot didn't, like all McLean programs, crackle with new ideas. He gets many of them at night, when he sits poring over neat sheafs of notes or typing correspondence in his bachelor apartment in Toronto's swanky Avenue Rd. - St. Clair area. All his notes are printed, a habit he's had since public school. Often he works on them till 3 or 4 a.m. He rises early enough to dress meticulously—usually in a well-tailored dark suit and white shirt—and drive his black '59 Thunderbird to the CBC's Jarvis St. catacombs by ten. In the canteen he picks up a sandwich or a date square and the first of a daily dozen cardboard containers of coffee. He strides stiffly, much like a six-foot-three mechanical toy, through the fourth-floor Close-Up office to his own sanctum, whose sole ornament is a life-size photo cutout of Peter Whittall,

in memory of McLean's "cardboard character" remarks on Front Page Challenge.

Some days he puts in a few hours at the Star Weekly, where he has been working quite anonymously as a free-lance idea man, bringing his yearly earnings to an estimated twenty thousand dollars. But most of his time is spent in a series of running conferences with one or more of Close-Up's three story editors, co-producer, retinue of interviewers or the senior executives who form the program's advisory committee.

Almost all decisions are McLean's, though he has been overruled by the committee. A complete half-hour filmed program on morals in Sweden sits vetoed and unused in Close-Up's library.

His phone jangles constantly, but many of the calls are intercepted by a script assistant. Unless there's a business conference involved, he usually sends out for a hamburger lunch. Often, he works until 7.30, then calls for Joyce Davidson after Tabloid for a leisurely dinner, a movie or a jazz concert.

Thursdays, he's unavailable from mid-afternoon on. That's when he sits over his office typewriter, clacking out the Close-Up script for that night.

McLean is in the control room by 7.30, ninety minutes before air time. Introductions, continuity, sign-off, films and tapes are timed to the second. A cut's made here; an addition there. McLean quips happily through the run-throughs. Guests to be shown "live" are told only the broad areas they'll be questioned on.

### He's always "on"

McLean does not consider himself a good interviewer; he tends to match wits with his subject. "For him," says Joyce Davidson, "even a party's a contest." He seldom appears on his own shows. And he gives few directions to his regulars. Charles Templeton, who left Close-Up this year to concentrate on a panel show, says McLean's ability to judge an interview's quality is intuitive—rather than analytical. Some people who have worked with him have wished he'd say why he liked or didn't like their performance.

During the show itself, McLean is a study in concentration, barking out orders to cameras and cues to technicians, while a script girl with a stop watch keeps him in touch with the schedule.

McLean's associates say his tendency to be strongly affected by a show's success or failure is mellowing—as are, they say, many of the more abrasive parts of his personality. They date it from the beginning of his friendship with Joyce Davidson. After a recent program in which cues were missed, wrong films were shown and chaos reigned, the crew waited, cowed, for a flood of epigrammatic vitriol. McLean smiled.

Though he almost always conducts a post mortem after the show, McLean seldom indulges in weighty analyses of broadcasting philosophy with his cohorts.

He has, in fact, described himself as a lowbrow—"though I hate the word." He grew up in Brantford, Ont., an area not widely known as an intellectual hotbed, where his shoe-company-executive father moved the family in 1927, when Ross was two. The only literary heritage he can recall is that his maternal grandmother, who also taught Mackenzie King in a one-room school, had once won third prize in a Bab-O jingle contest. But his talents showed early.

Brantford remembers him as Bud McLean, a gangly, literate, lonely, precocious boy who substituted for sports and partying an urge to write and to learn about showbusiness. At eleven he

launched a neighborhood newspaper that returned a profit. At twelve he was making regular pilgrimages to a local cigar store to snare the town's only copy of the show-biz weekly, *Variety*.

In high school he was a perennial editor of class and school papers, wrote collegiate news for the Brantford Expositor and broadcast it for CKPC. While other hearties waged football, Bud McLean perched atop Mohawk Park's rickety grandstand to send play-by-play epigrams over CKPC's 100-watt waves. At half time he filled in the color and interviewed teenage celebrities like June Callwood, another Expositor student-reporter. At school dances, McLean usually played the records.

Summers he worked for CKPC and became the most remarkable sixteen-year-old announcer-operator that station ever had. He invented a program called Community Cavalcade. It was the first installment of the interview-news-features program McLean says he's been producing ever since. "Bud would get the whole staff working on a show," recalls a former operator. "And he'd do things Brantford had never heard of before."

But McLean's first love was newspapers and, when he failed one senior-matriculation paper, he signed on at the Expositor. "He had the biggest vocabulary of any man who ever worked here," says one editor, "but he just couldn't write news." And when McLean missed an assignment — a Baptist Young People's convention — he was fired. He tried the London Free Press.

Shortly, duty — or the draft — called. After, he says, trying to convince the air force and the navy he could see and the army that he couldn't, McLean was ordered to report to the Corps of Signals in Kingston. But aloof, literate Bud McLean and the Canadian army did not get along. In mid '44, after what he describes as the most miserable six months of his life, McLean and the army parted by mutual agreement.

He rejoined CKPC, whipped up a new show called Town Talk, then left to storm the journals, radio stations and University of Toronto. By his second year, he was editor of the university's yearbook, features editor of its daily paper, undergraduate editor of a graduate publication, president of his class and an occasional broadcaster on Jack Kent Cooke's CKEY. One result: one missed year. Another: summer jobs at CKEY. There he bundled all the station's public-service spots into an hour called Focus on '48 and won an award and the title of public-service director. He also won, after graduation, a job at the CBC, which soon packed him off to Vancouver as regional talks producer.

McLean hit west-coast radio with the energy of a tornado. In three years he originated a score of new shows, including two award winners, Stopwatch and Listen and Radio Cartoons. He scoured the province for new talkers and pushed Vancouver shows onto the national network. He helped build Critically Speaking and produced several Wednesday Nights. With the onrushing advent of television, he was chosen, at twenty-six, as one of CBLT's first three producers and was whisked off to Toronto.

What's next? McLean doesn't know. A few men dickering for Private TV licenses are already sounding him out. McLean's interested, but he's immensely proud of Close-Up and would like to stay with the CBC. He'd like to write — "where you can see your work twice." And, perhaps to create just one more arguing point, he'd like to grow a beard. ★



At Caernarvon Castle in Wales

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# C O M E T O B R I T A I N

it. The story of The Wolseley Tree is the story of the city which grew up around it and of the woman who planted it.

Mary Ann Good was born in 1842 to an English couple named Kirton at the Red River settlement of Fort Douglas where, thirty years earlier, Lord Selkirk's first colonists had built the log cabins which were actually the foundation of Winnipeg. The Kirtons and their five chil-

dren were among the few dozen Hudson's Bay Company families, farmers, small traders, Indians and nomadic métis buffalo hunters in the sparse settlement.

Mary Ann's mother and two older brothers died in a scarlet fever epidemic at Fort Douglas; her father, who lived not much longer, placed her, a younger sister and brother in the care of settlement families.

Their farms were narrow, two-mile-long strips fronting on the Red River. The soil was rich, the landscape bleak. On land almost devoid of trees, log cabins and out-buildings sat exposed to the blazing summer sun and the frigid winter winds which swept off the plains.

The harsh life of the settlers demanded that everybody pitch in and Mary Ann, who grew into a frail girl of little more than five foot two, did her share of work. There were no schools; the children learned to read and write from the Bible.

There was little affection or beauty in

the childhood of this orphan girl. She joined in the settlers' Presbyterian prayers, watched them dance the wild Red River jig at celebrations, listened to their songs and stories and tried to picture the green hills and valleys, the trees and wild flowers in the homeland they often recalled.

In 1859 she met and married Joseph William Good, twenty-year-old son of a Hudson's Bay Company family at Lower Fort Garry, and the young couple moved to the new farm by the Assiniboine, which flows from the west into the north-bound stream of the Red.

Cutting through the farm was the narrow, rutted Portage Trail (now Portage Avenue) which met the Main Trail (Main Street) at Red River. Long trains of Red River oxcarts creaked and groaned on their way through to parishes as far west as Fort Qu'Appelle (in Saskatchewan) and trading posts on the plains beyond.

Mary Ann's home was a tiny, two-room log cabin. There was no stove; a mud fireplace in one corner did for cooking and heating. There were no lamps; at night they lit bits of rag placed in a saucer of buffalo fat.

The Goods kept cows, poultry and horses, and broke the land largely by hoe. And the land was almost bare. Below the river, pockets of scrub oak petered out a short distance from the bank; above the river were thin poplar and scraggly bush along the bank, then the naked, soulless, disheartening prairie stretching as far as the eye could see.

One day, while bringing the cows home from a pasture near Omand's Creek, Mary Ann stumbled onto three tiny elm saplings in the bank of the creek where it empties into the Assiniboine. There were no native elms in this part of the prairie; it is believed these ones grew from seeds carried down the Assiniboine by high water in the spring.

Mary Ann uprooted the saplings, took them home and planted them near the log cabin. Soon the three saplings were flourishing young trees and from them she collected the seeds for the trees she grew row upon row from the river to the Portage Trail.

One of the three saplings plucked from the creek was to become world famous a hundred years later as the Wolseley Tree. And Mary Ann Good became known throughout Red River as "the tree planter."

She was thirty-one and The Tree a sturdy fifteen years old when the first city fathers named the settlement Winnipeg. The Red River settlement had grown, and new settlers, following her example, had planted trees by the hundreds in their gardens and along the streets. As well as elm, maple and oak, there were trees she had never seen before—weeping birch and willows, mountain ash and firs.

Mary Ann knew why they planted them. On the prairies a tree was like moisture to a parched throat; it was something to be loved, even worshipped.

When the new streets edged closer to the Goods' market-garden farm, they sold to land-hungry builders who clamored for more space.

The sale had barely been completed when Joseph Good suddenly died. Mary Ann moved into a smaller house a block from The Tree. By then The Tree had already been marked for destruction by engineers pushing through the street named after Colonel Garnet Wolseley—a military leader at the time of Louis Riel—but Mary Ann had appeared before the city council and persuaded them to spare it.

The people who moved onto Wolseley

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Avenue during the building boom that followed World War I were grateful for her defense of The Tree and, whenever the occasion arose, became its staunch defenders themselves.

One such crisis occurred in 1925, when engineers were planning to asphalt Wolseley Avenue. They decided The Tree would have to go. Workmen were preparing to cut it down when one resident, Mrs. L. F. Borrowman, was roused by a fearful neighbor. "They're cutting down our tree," the woman cried. Mrs. Borrowman rushed out and persuaded the workmen to wait until she got in touch with her husband, then a member of city council. He turned up with Mayor Ralph Webb and several other councilors, and a conference was held around The Tree.

The aldermen agreed with the mayor that there was no real need to cut it down, that careful drivers could get around it without trouble. "As long as this tree lives," said Mayor Webb, "it should be left alone." The Tree came out of the struggle with a concrete curb around its tiny grass plot and an asphalt traffic lane around either side.

On a January day in 1932, Mary Ann Good died at the age of ninety. She had outlived her husband and three sons, left six grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren. Her great-great grandchildren are youngsters in Winnipeg today.

Her Wolseley tree was unknown to most Winnipeggers until Ripley made it famous. Then they came to admire it and to find that Wolseley Avenue was a delightful walk. Other trees had joined Mary Ann's to tower over the roadway in leafy Gothic arches.

City council considered removing the tree in the late Thirties, after a couple of cars bent their fenders on it; and again after World War II, when the traffic began getting heavy.

#### Reprieve after reprieve

Between 1947 and 1949 city engineers bulldozed more than a thousand old trees out of boulevards when they widened downtown streets in once-elegant residential areas that were fast changing over to business districts. Public opinion finally curtailed the engineers and saved the trees on a number of streets they later widened. But at least three times in the early Fifties the public works committee considered cutting The Tree down. Each time they were warned off by Alderman H. B. Scott: "Touch that tree and there'll be hell to pay."

By 1957 cars jammed the streets morning and evening, and at times it took longer to get from the old Main Trail to Mary Ann's farm with three hundred chrome-encased horsepower than it once did with a lumbering oxcart.

One traffic problem centred around the Wolseley Tree. Beside Omand's Creek, not far from where Mary Ann had found three young saplings ninety-eight years before, the city had built a large football stadium, a baseball stadium and a hockey arena, and businessmen were raising a twenty-million-dollar shopping centre.

Fans attracted by the thousands to major sports events filled every east-west road with cars and buses, and quiet Wolseley Avenue was in the thick of it. Bus drivers and motorists, encountering The Tree for the first time, cursed as they swerved to avoid it and made their gripes loud and clear.

The Tree, police and traffic experts agreed, was a hazard. If they got it out of the way, Wolseley would be a fine thoroughfare for helping them out of this new traffic problem. Winnipeg's

youthful traffic engineer, William Finn-bogason, and the city's traffic commission, asked city engineer W. D. Hurst to cut it down.

Now Hurst didn't require permission merely to cut down a tree. But he knew what was at stake on Wolseley Avenue. He dumped the problem into the laps of the six aldermen on the public works committee.

The committee see-sawed back and forth in debate but finally voted to cut The Tree. The engineers were closer to victory than ever before.

Next morning Winnipeg Tribune city editor Val Werier sent a reporter and photographer to Wolseley Avenue to find out what the neighborhood thought of the cutting edict.

Most housewives admitted they were fond of The Tree and would hate to see it go. But if the decision was made, what could they do about it? One woman cried: "Of all the nerve!" But she refused to pose by The Tree or join in any move to save it. A couple actually felt it was time the old tree was removed.

The news team was almost ready to

give up on the story when the next householder they asked turned out to be an elderly woman who was hard of hearing. She didn't seem to quite understand the situation, but she understood that they wanted her to pose for a picture beside The Tree, and she agreed.

When the other housewives saw one of their neighbors walk with the reporters toward The Tree, the spirit of Mary Ann Good took over. Out of their houses they came, first one, then two, then three and four, until a little group of women stood around The Tree, discussing in shocked



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tones the aldermen's order to cut it down.

Soon they were thoroughly riled and perfectly willing to link arms around The Tree for a picture. It showed a group of women who appeared ready to defend their tree at any cost. Next day the picture and the story of an aroused neighborhood jolted the works committee into staying Hurst's hand until the ladies had their say.

Mrs. Borrowman headed the delegation that appeared before the public works committee. She argued that The Tree helped make the street safe for children because it forced traffic to slow down. Besides, she added, The Tree was a beautiful old landmark.

The aldermen listened respectfully, then turned on one another to argue the issue hotly. When it was time to vote, they recorded a 3-3 tie. Thus, by procedure rules, the order to cut down The Tree still stood.

"I'll cut it down in the course of normal business," said engineer Hurst.

Two days later, shortly after 8 a.m. on Sept. 19, 1957, a city truck pulled up to the Wolseley Tree and disgorged workmen with ladders, saws and axes. Immediately, doors along the block opened and the Wolseley women, led by Mrs. Borrowman, converged on the spot. Some were in pin curls and slippers; coats and sweaters had been hastily thrown over housedresses against the chill fall air. They were joined by several residents who, a few days earlier, had appeared to care little about The Tree's fate.

At first there was only heckling as the workmen unloaded their truck and the foreman, chewing a cigar, sized up The Tree. Newspaper reporters and photographers, tipped by phone, drove up. So did television cameramen and radio announcers, who set up equipment to broadcast on-the-spot reports.

Then a voice in the crowd suggested that they surround The Tree. Eight women thrust forward, encircled the thick trunk and linked arms. The engineers had anticipated trouble; police were called and a couple of constables, led by a sergeant, arrived on motorcycles. They ordered the women to get back onto the sidewalk.

"We're not moving," the women declared.

"This is a serious matter," said the sergeant. "You can't obstruct the city like this."

"We're not moving," said the women. The police withdrew into a huddle and decided to call for reinforcements. The women were unimpressed. But the workmen had their orders. The Tree was to come down. A tall ladder was placed against it and a workman started up with a saw.

Mrs. Ellen Bird darted out from under The Tree and grabbed an axe lying on the ground. "I wouldn't go up there if I were you," she admonished, waving the axe under the man's nose.

"Now, lady," said a constable. "You mustn't do that. That's not the way things are done."

"He'd better not go up that ladder," she retorted, taking a firm grip on the axe.

The workman and the constable retreated to the curb and the women started shouting "Where's Juba? We're not going until the mayor comes. Is he afraid to come?"

Chewing his cigar in exasperation, the foreman beckoned to the man with the saw: "Get up that tree and start cutting those branches."

With a wary eye on the angry women, the man scampered up the ladder and started sawing. Leaves, bark and sawdust

showered on the people below. A branch came crashing down.

The foreman pointed: "Now that one." The saw went to work again.

"Come down, come down, come down," the women chanted.

"Is this a communist country?" a defender yelled. "Are you men just going to say to the devil with the people?"

"You're not supposed to cut down that tree until the mayor comes."

Mayor Stephen Juba had already been phoned at home by his city-hall secretary. With shaving soap still stuck to his ears, he rolled up in his big mauve Cadillac and stepped out to the cheers of the Wolseley women and three hundred bystanders who had been attracted by radio accounts of the melee. Reporters scribbled and cameras whirled.

"Don't let them cut it down," pleaded Mrs. Kathleen Johnston.

"You've got the authority to stop them, you know," said Mrs. Borrowman.

"Well, I tried to stop them before," said Juba, brushing leaves off his shoulders. "I don't know what I can do now."

The women roared.

"I thought we had some say about city affairs!"

"We pay taxes. We didn't get a chance to attend the city-hall meeting!"

"Just wait until next election!"

The mayor turned to streets engineer Clarence Keeping: "Can you hold things up until I check on this?"

"I've got my orders not to stop," said Keeping.

"I don't want to interfere," said Juba. "But can't you delay things for a few minutes?" Keeping promised he would and the mayor headed for the nearest house and a phone.

"That's the stuff, Juba," the women yelled.

The patrol wagon with police reinforcements arrived. The women cheered. A police inspector stepped out, took one look at the mob of angry women. "I'm not going to start a riot here," he said.

The mayor reappeared to announce that John Taunton, acting as city engineer in Hurst's absence from town, was on his way. "Will you take orders from me?" he asked Keeping.

"It's a difficult position," Keeping hedged.

Juba said he would ask the police chief to withdraw his men. The chief, said the mayor after another phone call, had refused.

Taunton arrived and the women jeered. "What's holding things up?" he asked Keeping.

"The women won't move and we can't work," Keeping complained.

"Get your men up that tree," Taunton ordered. "If they won't move that's their fault."

"Will you hold up the work?" the mayor asked Taunton.

"If you order me to I will," replied Taunton.

"Well, then I'm ordering you," said the mayor.

"You're ordering me to stop and you're taking the responsibility, is that right?" asked Taunton.

"Right," said the mayor.

"Then we'll stop the work," said Taunton. He waved the workmen away from The Tree and the women cheered.

While police, workmen and engineers withdrew before the grins of the happy mob, Mayor Juba, visibly shaken, was escorted into the quiet front parlor of the Borrowman home.

Sipping coffee, he pondered his actions: "I just couldn't stand there and see those branches cut off over their heads. Somebody might have got hurt. If council says I've done wrong, then I guess I'll have to resign."

"Mayor Juba," said Mrs. Borrowman, "you've got us all behind you. You've made a lot of friends today. Do have another cup of coffee."

Four days later city council received a delegation of Wolseley women. A petition with 104 signatures asked that the tree be spared; it also commended Juba and the police for "exemplary conduct."

But the 18 aldermen shied from a decision on The Tree and passed it back to the works committee. On September 25, six days after the incident at The Tree, the committee voted 3-2 to stay the execution order.

The victory of the Wolseley women didn't save The Tree from further ordeal. Instead, the attention it got made The Tree fair game. The night of the melee firemen twice doused fires set at its trunk and neighbors organized a night watch

for vandals. Doors popped open one morning when city workmen stopped at The Tree — only to fix the sign which warns traffic: "Keep Right."

Nine months later, three air-force cadets, out on a nocturnal lark, stripped off a layer of bark all around one trunk and set fire to it. They were caught almost immediately, fined \$150 each for public mischief.

"If this had been any other tree in Canada," their lawyer told the magistrate, "the story would have been much different. The tree presents a challenge . . . it has assumed a stature out of all proportion to its true value."

Sorrowing neighbors feared The Tree would never recover. City parks board refused to come to its aid: "We're too busy," they said. So did the engineering department: "It's time that tree came down," they said.

But University of Manitoba plant scientists were sure it could be saved. Tree expert Alec Gudziak grafted green saplings across the gaping wound and vouched it would live if it got plenty of water.

The Wolseley women took care of that. All summer they watered The Tree and it bloomed as green and glorious as ever. Newspapers published regular reports on its state of health and the women kept watch again at night for vandals.

All had quietened down by Hallowe'en, 1958. But early that morning two loud noises like explosive blasts awakened the neighborhood. Residents rushed out in their night attire to find one of The Tree's three thick forks lying across the road with a hydro pole sitting smack across it. On the ground were wood chips that might have been made by a drill. Neighbors concluded that dynamite had been placed in holes bored into the fork, that the blast toppled it over the hydro lines and the pole was dragged down with it.

The Winnipeg Free Press ringed its front-page account of The Tree's latest misfortune in black borders of mourning under the solemn heading: "The Tree Is Dead." Then it proceeded to vie with the Tribune in daily and contrary speculation on The Tree's chances of survival.

While neighbors still suspect that The Tree was dynamited, police concluded that the fork had fallen from age and rot (though a tree expert said there wasn't enough rot to make it fall).

Alec Gudziak replaced the torn saplings on the main trunk, told the neighborhood they would know in spring if The Tree would pull through. Last spring The Tree did stir to life; jubilant neighbors watched the green leaves sprout on the remaining few branches and state-of-health reports appeared again in the newspapers. The saplings appeared to have rejuvenated The Tree; the leaves were as small as those that Mary Ann Good had seen when it was young.

Early on May 7 last year it was burned again, this time by three young men who planned its demise over a few drinks in a pub. One was a truck driver, who told his friends he had nearly struck a child who had run out from behind The Tree. The fire caused little damage; the culprits were soon caught and fined a hundred dollars each.

Gudziak patiently repaired his saplings, the neighbors patiently watered the elm through the summer and maintained a zealous guard, and its story disappeared once more from the newspapers. But after its ordeals in fifty years of dispute, there's no certainty that The Tree will ever be left alone to live out its days in peace. ★



Alec Gudziak has helped save The Tree by grafting saplings onto the damaged trunk.



## London Letter

Continued from page 8

greater understanding of the human family as an entity than ever before.

*This is demonstrably true but it is a pity that fear played such a part in bringing it about.*

But now let us pause for a moment. It is all very well to say that war on the grand scale has become outmoded but what about the murder of Hungarians who demanded freedom and were savagely slaughtered by the Russians? Are we to forget those young people who valued freedom more than life?

Every decent man and woman must detest communism as the enemy of the human spirit but also we must remember that when a weakling dynasty is overthrown, as was the case with Russia, the aftermath is a mixture of horror and inevitability. It would be neither fair nor historically true to deny the material and political advances which Mr. Khrushchov has accomplished.

The weakness of Russia must always be the impossibility of deposing the Soviet leader without bloodshed. And inevitably the Western world fears and despises the cult of communism because it is based upon the denial of freedom.

*If that is true why did Harold Macmillan go to Moscow and make an outward gesture of friendship to the Russian dictator? Did not Macmillan strengthen the position not only of Khrushchov but of communism itself?*

You cannot kill ideas with bullets, nor can you influence a country by refusing to set foot upon its soil. Putting aside ideological differences it should be remembered that Russia and Britain were allies in the two world wars. We are too apt to forget that simple fact.

As we move forward into this era of mingled hope and perplexity we must assess not only our problems but our opportunities based on high achievement.

I cannot recall any period in history when the powers of peace were led by such competent and inspired political leaders as the present time. If we acclaim Macmillan for the splendor of his leadership we must also acknowledge the courage of President Eisenhower, whose spirit and personality have conveyed a message of good will to all nations.

Then let us acclaim President de Gaulle whose unshakeable honesty and sense of dedication have brought France to new heights today.

Nor should we forget such leaders as Mr. Menzies of Australia, Mr. Nash of New Zealand and Mr. Diefenbaker of Canada. Democracy, like autocracy, also demands leadership albeit of a more subtle character.

Truly as we look into the future we can say that for the first time in years, and almost centuries, we see the free world growing in such strength and faith that the communist world must give it deep thought.

Yet as we assess and praise our leaders we must remember the words of the Duke of Wellington uttered on the eve of Waterloo. "How will the battle go?" asked a friend. Wellington pointed to a grenadier who was standing at the street corner. "It all depends on that fellow," said Wellington.

I thought of that on Armistice night last November 11 when I dined with some old Canadian friends of the 1914-18 war. Here were men who, like myself, had made their home in the United Kingdom when the guns had ceased to roar. We sang and we drank and we laughed but in our hearts were the hidden memories of those times when men were forced to maim and kill, and to be maimed and killed, so that freedom should survive. On this celebration of November 11 we did not look like subalterns, captains, field marshals or even sergeants, but the

candle of memory was alight again as it will be as long as life itself. Our songs were raucous, our jokes rough, but in our hearts there was silence for the dead.

There are philosophers, more aged in thought than in years, who believe that mankind is coming to the end of its story. They say that there cannot be another Shakespeare, another Dante or another Pericles. But what rot it all is! By all means let us acclaim the ancient great but also let us encourage the outstanding men of today whether they be of proved achievement or only of high promise.

Man does not change, he merely adapts himself to changing modes and the unpredictability of science. In the end each one of us has to live on twenty-four hours a day. Before long we may even land on the moon and establish new worlds in new spheres; but until then let us rise to the challenge of events, believing that we are heirs to the greatness of the past and are trustees of the unresolved future.

In short let us sing like the veterans on Armistice night. "We're here because we're here!" And then let us see that we do something to justify our existence. ★



\*Thermopane Insulating Window Units in the home of Mr. & Mrs. A. Ullman, Montreal



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"When you are negotiating," said Eden, "you must distinguish between appeasement and peace"

big ground-floor study, a delightful room with a huge fireplace opposite a large central window that looks out on the lawn, and floor-to-ceiling cases of books. Two or three shelves contain the works of Winston Churchill. There are hundreds of other books on history and politics, including an autographed copy of Mackenzie King's wartime speeches, but also many gilded sets of English and French classics, both major and minor. Lots of Kipling. I was interested to note.

I hadn't half finished reading the titles on his shelves when Eden came in, wearing a green tweed suit, chamois waistcoat, soft shirt and wool tie. Most of us wore dark gray city clothes, and felt rather stuffy in contrast with Eden's country garb, but he put everyone at ease immediately. He radiates charm as a red coal radiates heat, naturally and without seeming to do anything in particular.

Only one note of anxiety crept into the casual chat as microphones were attached, voice levels tested and camera focused. Sir Anthony wanted to be sure that the interview would not be devoted entirely or even mainly to the Suez affair. For one thing he had set out his account at great length in his book, which he had no wish to try to summarize in a few words. For another, he had no intention of appearing to the public as an old man devoting his last years to the justification of that one incident in a long career.

We told him there would be no concentration on any one topic. Sir Anthony seemed content.

We ran at once into the major difficulty of interviewing a statesman, even a retired statesman, on contemporary affairs. Sir Anthony Eden knows as much about the current international situation as any man alive, other than those who are actually dealing with it from day to day. He still has frequent visits from colleagues in the cabinet he formerly headed, and is in close touch with all that goes on in the Foreign Office. But the things that he alone knows are the very things he cannot proclaim to the public. The things he can proclaim are general statements of policy and principle, unexceptionable but also unsensational.

Summit meetings, for example — he is in favor of them. "Personally I think a Summit can be useful, especially when you are dealing with people like the Russians where the authority is almost exclusively at the Summit." On the other hand, there were dangers: "I'd say it would be a mistake to have a Summit on one fairly restricted topic, such as Berlin. You might get into a position, if it were the only topic, where you couldn't get agreement and there'd be great pressure to yield this or yield that, to prevent the Summit failing."

But what concessions could or should be made, on Berlin or any other topic?

Ah, that was the difficult question. It was easy to see why a former prime minister could not answer it. Anything he said would be taken, rightly or wrongly, as a glimpse of British policy at the summit meeting next spring. So instead of answering, Eden recalled the Berlin conference six years ago which talked interminably about Austria and seemed to get nowhere, but which was followed by a sudden Austrian peace treaty a few months later. In the same year, a Geneva conference led to a truce — inconclusive,

but not yet broken — in Indo-China. He thought it "not impossible" that something of the kind might recur in 1960.

Even on matters that he very much wanted to talk about, Sir Anthony ran into the same inhibition. He is much concerned just now about Africa, its enormous potential for good and ill, the great social changes now in progress there and the need to make them work for freedom and not against it. He wanted to use this opportunity, and he did use it, to urge "a Marshall Plan for Africa," a massive program of foreign capital aid to put the emerging nations of free black men on the road to a reasonable prosperity.

But it's impossible to talk about Africa and not talk about its central, terrible problem, the tension between blacks and whites. On this delicate subject, a recently retired prime minister had nothing to say. On Kenya, "I'm not sufficiently informed, I'm afraid, about the more recent developments." As for proposing a solution for the Union of South Africa, "I'd rather not — I think that's almost a session to itself."

So it went, all around the globe. He thought it a good thing to recognize communist China, as Britain had done under a Labor government. But was this a good time for a nation that hadn't yet recog-



nized China, like Canada, to make the change? "I'd prefer not to give advice on that one."

It was hardly surprising, in the circumstances, that we didn't get far with the topic of Suez. When it first came up Sir Anthony answered readily enough, and at length. He talked about the fatal consequences of appeasement in the Thirties, the concern of all those who had been through that experience "to do something to see it didn't happen again," the need for enforcing a respect for treaties and so on. To the objection that Hitler and Nasser were hardly comparable, since Hitler commanded the strongest single army in the world and Nasser's army was impotent, he answered:

"Germany at that time, the occupation of the Rhineland (1936), was not a great military power . . . And you see, power doesn't depend entirely on military force, it also may depend on your geographical position."

What he had hoped to achieve by the

British intervention, and what he thought it had achieved, were two things. One, "thanks very largely to what Canada did," was the creation of a United Nations force "which I'm glad to say is still there." The other achievement was "that the conflict remained localized, which was probably a very fortunate thing."

From then on, though, the questions began to run into trouble. I asked if the British landing at Port Said, the entrance to the Suez Canal, had not come after a cease-fire had been voted by the United Nations and accepted by both Israel and Egypt.

"No, no," Sir Anthony said. "It had not been accepted at the time we landed. It was accepted shortly after."

His answer baffled me — I was sure the landing came after the cease-fire. Next day, back in London, I looked up the record and found we were both right, depending on what you mean by the word "accepted."

The UN general assembly passed its cease-fire resolution in the early hours of Friday, November 2, 1956. On Saturday, November 3, Egypt and then Israel announced that each would accept the cease-fire provided that the other did. Efforts to stop the fighting on Sunday, November 4, were not successful. When the British landed at Port Said on the morning of November 5, the last of the Sinai battle was still going on at Sharm-el-Sheikh; it did not actually cease until several hours after the British assault on Port Said began.

But I didn't have all these details in my head, and anyway I could hardly argue the point with Sir Anthony Eden, of all people, at his own fireside. We went on to some other questions, including the one I particularly wanted to ask:

Did he believe, as some Canadians still believe, that Canada "deserted Britain" in the United Nations assembly at the time of Suez?

Not at all, Sir Anthony said. He didn't want to pronounce on what Canada did, either way, but he did recall that Canada had refused to vote for the American cease-fire resolution — "and gave as reasons for not voting, what I thought excellent reasons, that it did not go to the heart of the matter. I was in entire agreement with the Canadian position in that respect."

And when I repeated the question in slightly different words, to make sure it was clear, he answered even more clearly:

"Personally I think that if the United States had taken the line that Canada took, the position in the Middle East today would be much better than unfortunately it is. Beyond that I can't go."

At that point we had the bad luck to run out of film, and I never got the chance to put another key question:

Why was it that the British government did not consult Canada, and the other commonwealth allies, before the intervention in Suez?

I knew the answer, of course. It was obvious that Eden couldn't tell John Foster Dulles, the U.S. secretary of state, what he was about to do, or Dulles would have found a way to stop him. The United States would be angry enough at not being consulted, but if it turned out that Canada and others had been in

on the secret, Dulles would have been angrier still. Also, Canada's government would probably have had the same reaction as the United States to advance information, and perhaps with the same result.

Privately, some British ministers have apologized to Canadians from time to time because Ottawa was not informed, by telephone, an hour or two before the news broke in the press. Apparently they thought the Canadians were merely miffed at a breach of commonwealth courtesy. But real consultation, in any meaningful sense, was ruled out by the circumstances.

I knew this, but I still would like to know how Eden would have answered the question for a Canadian television audience. But already Sir Anthony had been indicating pretty clearly that he thought we had gone far enough with Suez, and he made it more explicit while the camera was being reloaded. We went on to talk about the Middle East in general, and thence on around the globe.

Suez was not mentioned again, except perhaps by inference in his answer to the final, summing-up question: "What do you see as the major problems and the major tasks for diplomacy at this time?"

Just keep on negotiating, Eden replied — "but when you are negotiating you must be so careful, I think, to distinguish between appeasement and peace. As I see it, appeasement means trying to get some temporary arrangement, perhaps at the expense of confidence in the future, perhaps even at the expense of expected agreements in the future, to get you round an awkward corner. That's a constant temptation, and it's one that I think must be resisted . . ."

"If I had a grievance against the United Nations today, it would be that it's too much concerned with the avoidance of war only, and not enough concerned with maintaining confidence in international agreements on which the world must depend."

When we took off the microphones and rose stiffly out of our deep upholstered chairs, we had been talking without a break for more than two hours. Looking back now I can realize that Eden seemed a bit tired, but at the time I didn't notice it — he was still cheerful, vivacious, a genial host who immediately proposed that we inspect his pictures and his house. The Edens bought this ancient place, a fifty-acre farm and a modest house five centuries old, only a year ago. Sir Anthony is as proud and delighted as a girl with a new dress.

His paintings are mostly modern French — some of the great Impressionists, some well-known contemporaries, some work by young and relatively unknown painters. He told us, for example, that the picture usually hung over his fireplace was one by Dunoyer de Segonzac. He had lent it to the Royal Academy for an exhibition, and the painting that hung in its place was an abstraction by an aspiring young man named Rousseau, whose work had caught Eden's eye.

Outside the study door, in a small hall where a tray of drinks awaited us, was the most striking work of art in the house — a casting in bronze by Degas, of a girl in her bath. She lies on her back, lazily soaping one foot, in a large flat tub as shallow as a saucer.

Sir Anthony led us through one room after another, upstairs and down, to show us the paintings collected by himself and his father, Sir William Eden, Bart. To me the most interesting, though not of course the best, were the paintings by old Sir William himself. Even my uneducated eye could see how Sir William, the gifted amateur, had been influenced by the style of his great contemporaries, especially Degas.

From time to time as the inspection of the pictures went on, Sir Anthony's butler would appear to say rather plaintively that lunch was ready. Eden refused to hurry. He showed us all the paintings, drew our attention to the fine stairway built in Charles II's time, even took us down cellar to show the carefully carved pillars along the cellar stairs. We finally sat down to lunch about half an hour late, to the butler's obvious though quite needless concern about the state of the food.

Conversation at the lunch table ranged over much of the same ground that the recorded interview had covered. Needless to say, it was a lot more interesting. For me it cleared up several points that I hadn't understood. One, in particular, was the British claim that their intervention in Suez had "prevented the war from spreading."

Obsessed like most people with the danger of World War III, I had always assumed that when they talked of the war "spreading," they meant setting the whole world aflame. Listening to Sir Anthony I realized, for the first time, that this was not quite correct. Their immediate concern was the danger that conflict would spread, not necessarily to the four corners of the earth, but to the rest of the Middle East — the other Arab nations.

In 1956 the Arab world seemed to be divided rather more simply than it is today. There was no General Kassem in Iraq, to share with Colonel Nasser of Egypt the role of Arab hero. There was then just Nasser on one side, with the government of Syria in his train, and on the other side was a motley group of monarchs or near-monarchs who had cast their lot with the West — King Feisal and his Prime Minister Nuries-Said in Iraq, President Chamoun in Lebanon, King Hussein in Jordan and (dubiously) King Saud in Saudi Arabia.

I remembered reading somewhere (and Eden confirmed it in the recorded interview) that King Feisal and Nuries-Said of Iraq were actually dining with Sir Anthony at No. 10 Downing Street on the night Nasser seized the Suez Canal. Suddenly I could understand, as never before, how Nasser's coup must have looked to the pro-Western Iraqis and the pro-Western leaders in other Arab countries. Each of them faced a powerful opposition at home, to whom Nasser was leader and hero. It must have seemed to them that if Nasser were allowed to get away with this latest coup, and suffer no penalty, then their own position would become untenable. Their rebel opponents would bring them down.

Now poor Nuri and his young king are dead anyway, and Nuri's body torn to pieces by the jackal mob in Baghdad. Nasser's star has waned as that of General Kassem has waxed. Britain and Egypt have resumed normal diplomatic relations, and nothing looks as simple as it did in 1956. These new thoughts cast a different light, for me, on the events of Sinai and Suez.

I must in honesty add, though, that they did not change anyone's opinion. We went down to Eden's place believing that the British intervention in Suez was a tragic mistake, the worst miscarriage of

British policy since the days of Neville Chamberlain if not since the days of Lord North. After all our talking in public and in private, we came away still of the same mind.

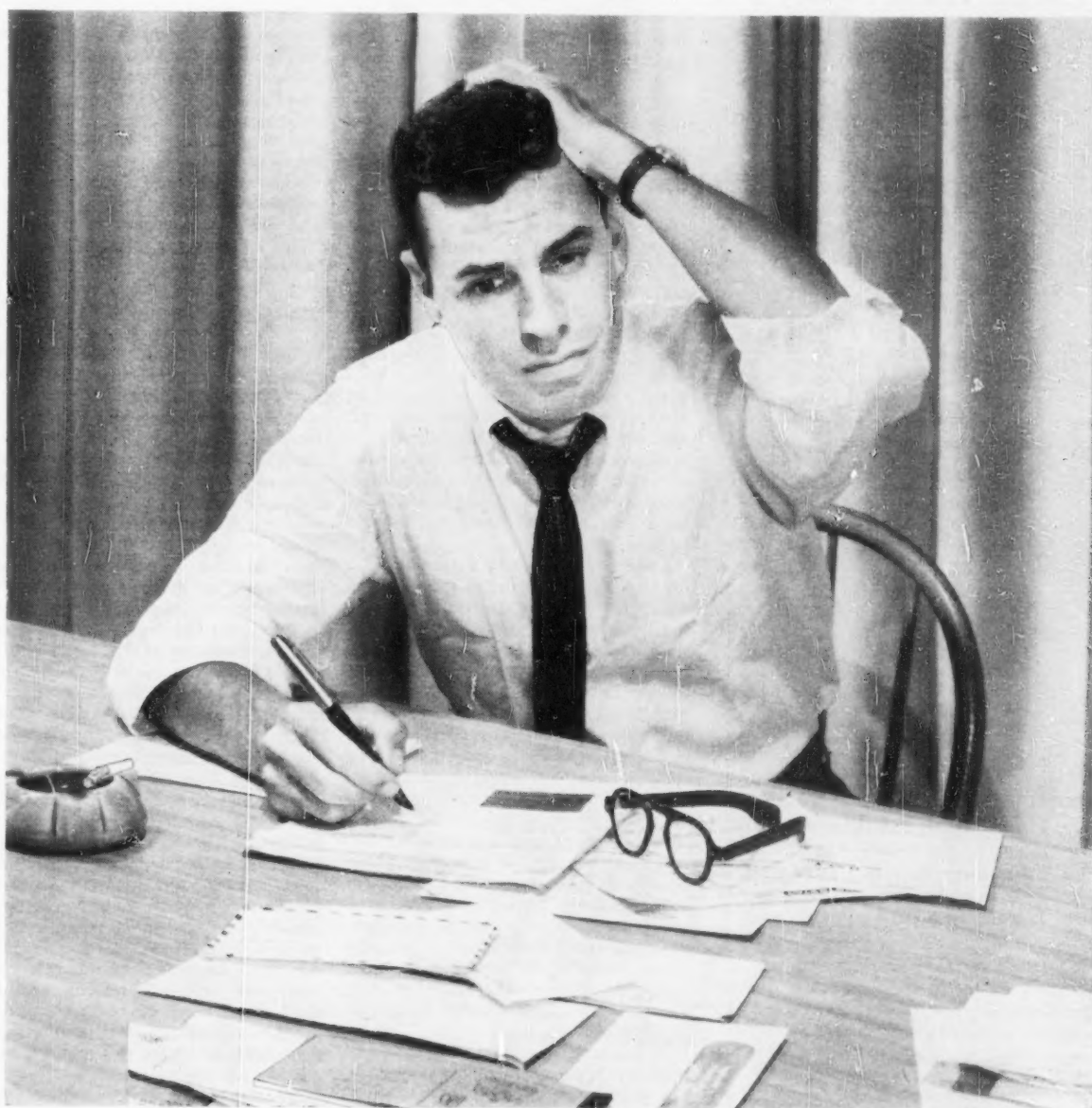
After lunch, we still had a quarter of an hour's work to ask of Sir Anthony before the camera. He was good-natured about it, but a little impatient — said he had some urgent chores to do on the proofs of his forthcoming book. But we kept him only fifteen minutes, to the second, and he departed cheerily to his other work.

Half an hour later, his secretary came down to ask if the producer, Douglas Leiterman, would go upstairs and talk to Sir Anthony, who was a little worried about one of his answers and wanted to have it read back to him, to be sure he had said what he meant to say and no more.

Leiterman went up, to find Sir Anthony in bed, looking quite exhausted. He then explained for the first time that he hadn't had a very good night, that he was running a fairly high temperature, and that the day had left him utterly played out.

We knew his health was at least as good now as it was in the autumn of 1956 when he, an ill and weary man, had to make the terrible decisions that sent British bombers into action over Cairo airport and British troops ashore at Port Said. The only difference was that in 1956 he couldn't go to bed. The sixteen-hour days had to be got through somehow, without rest, no matter how harried or how ill he may have felt.

It was a sobering thought to take away with us, as we drove back through the fog to London. ★



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I was "big sister" to The Saints continued from page 15

"The boys were defiant, hostile and often foolishly rebellious"

interviewing of new members. Applicants lined up to be questioned on names, addresses, ages and telephone numbers. While the others stayed in the hall outside the room, each, subsequently, was interrogated by the chairman. Had he been in trouble in the past year? Six months? One month? "No" brought the cautioning, "Remember, we check with Number Six." "Yes" meant closer questioning. Was he keeping straight? Did he have any beefs against anyone in the club? Then the boy left the room while the meeting was queried. Who knew him? Anyone have any beefs against him?

After the meeting some of the boys introduced me to Rev. O. R. Orr, the slender young rector of St. Mark's. He showed me into his booklined study, closed the door and looked at me.

"Well?" he said and chuckled.

"Wheel!" I said, and our understanding was born of that inarticulate exchange.

Father Orr did not look like Pat O'Brien; nor was he religiously solemn. He seemed neither engaged in "good works," nor inclined to pontificate on youth problems. The club, he explained, was self-governing. At meetings he sat at the back of the room, offering opinion or advice only when it was requested. Neither of us knew where I would fit in, but it was abundantly clear that I would be back.

I was as fascinated by Father Orr as I was by the club. His background was academic—Harvard University, Trinity College, a seminary in New York. He was studying for his PhD and for music degrees. He was a man of many interests, one certainly of vitality and wit and wisdom, but had no apparent kinship with this group of rebellious teenagers. His manner held no hearty geniality. On the contrary, there was a firmness and a dignity which insisted the boys come up to his level.

The following week I went to my first rock-and-roll dance, an experience which established that I was over the hill. An hour after my arrival, the master of ceremonies announced to the two hundred assembled teenagers that the next record would be "a slow one, so Jeann can dance." With elderly, thirty-five-year-old dignity I moved through the dance with David.

At the next meeting I was voted an honorary member. The following meeting was in an uproar when I arrived. Members had been picked up by the police for questioning at least once and some as many as five times during the past forty-eight hours. The police, it seemed, were interested in the illegal activities of a boy who was not a Saint but who was known to many of the members. I asked if the boys who were picked up had been permitted to make a telephone call. None were aware of this right. We suspended discussion as the membership recorded my telephone number, as well as that of the church—a development which was to have disconcerting and sleep-disturbing results for me.

My suggestion that we visit Number Six for an explanation brought a Pied Piper reaction. The meeting rose as one. We surged into the street as if we were storming the Bastille. At the police-station door we cut the delegation to five. The startled sergeant suggested we re-

turn the next afternoon for a chat with the inspector.

That meeting, the next afternoon, between the inspector, Father Orr and myself established that he was frank, stern and adamant. He did not believe in the club, its aims or its sincerity. We left on the futuristic note of further discussion and I was amused to find myself aligned solidly with The Saints. In fairness to the police, I must admit The Saints were neither saintly nor docile. They were defiant, irresponsible, hostile and, in many cases, foolishly rebellious. They believed society to be hostile and there was justification for that belief. But I began to feel that society had not yet decided whether it wanted a solution to a problem or merely revenge. For Father Orr and me there was the question of "why"—why had things gone wrong for these young people?

#### The big fear: failure

In the weeks that followed I met the families of some members. Among the boys who had served terms in training schools, reformatories and prisons, there were, oddly, no broken homes. Financially, environments ranged from poor to reasonably good. In some cases alcoholism was rampant. In others there was evidence of parental apathy, bitterness, ignorance or desperation. Some parents were too stern. Some were too lax. There was no common denominator, no one answer to the persistent question.

The club's discussion periods offered some clues to the beliefs that motivated their lives: Guys got into trouble, they claimed, because they wanted to be "big wheels." Members talked openly of their "capers." Unemployment was rampant, yet few made any concentrated effort to get a job. One member claimed their attitude stemmed from a fear of failure. Few had attended high school, some had not finished public school. They felt inadequate, not equipped to handle good jobs; yet there was no determination to get more education. Religion, someone suggested, was "what was wrong with the world." "Everyone says his religion is the best," one boy explained. "Maybe if there was only one religion and one God, things would be better."

I became acquainted with courts and court officials. Father Orr and I did not act to "get a boy out of trouble." We simply believed that confinement with more-experienced criminals and without treatment was not necessarily the solution. So we talked with the crown attorney, explained the facts, gave as much of a boy's background as we knew and many times assumed responsibility if leniency was granted.

Our telephones were busy with night calls—financial problems, girl troubles, family troubles, or just the incessant need to talk which is a normal part of adolescence.

By the end of May, when I had been with the club about three months, Father Orr and I were joined by a Toronto ad-agency executive, Hugh Horler. His participation eased some of the mounting pressure. We divided responsibilities; one always present if a member were making a court appearance; at least one available for any day or night emergency and of course at least one always at a meeting or dance.

We encountered tragic cases. Bill, for example—a gentle, quiet, nineteen-year-old who had been adopted out in childhood and had spent teenage years searching for his mother. The search had been interrupted by reformatory terms, but finally he narrowed it to Toronto. Then he discovered his mother's approximate whereabouts just when the police issued a warrant for his arrest on a charge of passing a forged cheque. Father Orr intervened and the Children's Aid permitted a meeting between the boy and his mother. His search ended in a shabby room, where his mother lived a disordered existence. He was picked up by the police that same day and sentenced to the Ontario Reformatory. In the reformatory Bill made plans to take care of her. Back on the street, his determination lasted a couple of months. He faced the problem common to any young man who has a criminal record—getting a job. Then he vanished. Today he is in Kingston Penitentiary, serving a four-year term.

During the first few months my contact with the girls was limited to brief exchanges at the dances. Then one Sunday we accompanied The Saints and the girl friends on a day's horseback riding. During the afternoon a tiny sixteen-year-old asked if she could be allowed to ride.

"Do you know how?" I asked.

"Oh yes, I was born on a farm," she said.

"Then?"

"I'm four months pregnant," she said simply.

There were moments of pleasure, too. In May, the Saints gave a surprise birthday banquet for me. The gift was a wrist watch. I remember looking down the rows of faces, noticing the suits and clean shirts—because you dressed for a banquet—and recalling that violent moment at 4.30 in the morning and being suddenly grateful to David.

In November they threw another birthday party, for Hugh Horler. He needed a pen-and-pencil set. They had wanted to



Hostess

We'd asked her not to fuss,  
Preparing food for us,  
But few of us were gladdened  
To find she really hadn't!

May Richstone

give him a signet ring. Typically, they gave him both.

But there were memorable moments that were neither tragic nor pleasant, such as the time I was suspected of being the leader of a teenage crime ring. I had promised to pick up a number of Saints in a Parkdale restaurant. While I waited there, I talked with one of the girls and three other boys. That evening Father Orr telephoned to tell me that the Markham police had called him. It seemed the previous evening a garage had been broken into, a gun had been fired and it was thought the prowler had been wounded. He had escaped, but they were reasonably certain he was in Parkdale. A policeman had been in the restaurant, overheard fragments of my conversation and become suspicious. He had checked the car license plate, made inquiries and learned I was frequently in Parkdale and was involved with these young people. What was going on? Father Orr suggested I would hate it in the penitentiary and warned that the policeman would be calling me.

I gave the facts to the policeman when he called, but he obviously had some doubts. He asked if I knew the boy. I didn't. Did I know where he was hiding? No. Would I tell him if I did know? That depended; I wouldn't break the confidence of The Saints. Would I get a message to him? I called the restaurant, talked to a Saint and asked if he would pass the word. He called back. They knew where the boy was hiding; he was not hurt and he would be given the advice to give himself up. Of course he did not follow the advice. He was picked up the next day. I didn't hear from the policeman again.

#### Was she an accomplice?

There was at least one occasion, too, when the Kingston Pen was but a hop, skip and court frown away. Two Saints broke into a warehouse, stole a box containing sixteen dollars and emerged to encounter a careful of curious police. As they scattered, one paused to bury the box in a field. They were caught and this time there was an extra complication; an innocent boy was arrested with the two Saints. In view of his past record, it was a most serious charge, so he appeared in court with a lawyer. During a noon recess of the trial we held a conference. The return of the box might lend weight to the claim that the boys sincerely regretted their impulse. The lawyer agreed and we sped off in my car. As I waited while they dug up the box, a thought wandered through my mind. Wasn't there something about being an accomplice after the fact that might make things sticky if we were stopped and the box discovered in the car? On that return trip I have never driven so well. The innocent boy was acquitted and the chagrined Saints were placed on two years' probation.

I remember another moment, when a young man of twenty-six who looked as if he had just walked off a college campus and who had spent seven years in Kingston Penitentiary for armed robbery was standing with me on the apartment balcony. He glanced toward Mount Pleasant cemetery. "I remember," he said thoughtfully, "the last time I was in there. The police were shooting at me."

In the silence I thought, "Yes, of course" and then "Don't be ridiculous."

Or the time I was driving with a girl I'd come to know from the dances. She was a violent, hardened, bitter and scared seventeen-year-old. She said suddenly, "I tried to kill my mother last Novem-

ber." I knew then how far I'd come. There was no violent denial in me. What she said was probably true.

Or the Sunday afternoon I'd arranged for two Saints to come to my apartment to record an interview I was planning for radio. They arrived with a quiet, good-looking young man. I asked if he had any qualifications for participation. He said, "I'm just out of Kingston."

"What put you there?" I asked.

"Murder," he said simply.

I swallowed and then said heartily, "Really?"

"It was reduced to manslaughter," he said.

"Oh yes," I said and began the interview.

Or the slender, wistful, fifteen-year-old who wanted to write. He had been handed over by his parents to a Negro family when he was ten months old. They raised him until he was eleven. Then his parents decided they wanted him home. Emotionally the boy was a Negro and he returned to white parents, to a mother who had surrendered to some private sorrow and a father who took refuge in a bottle. He gave me some of his stories to read. They had the wonderful, excessive emotionalism of youth and a rare talent. Given a chance, even by himself, this lonely youngster will some day be a writer.

There were so many of these kids and each needed help—some trained help, some merely a listening ear or time. These were decent, frightened youngsters, many of them desperate kids caught up in adult problems while they were still emotionally children and not equipped to handle either society's ignorance, apathy or revenge.

Summer was a bad time. Meetings were suspended and suddenly we seemed busy with court appearances. In the autumn, attendance at the meetings dropped and interest was spasmodic. Gradually, most members got jobs, returned to their families and settled into almost disconcerting respectability. There was a sudden rash of weddings. Our group was growing up.

Gradually, despite the efforts of a fiercely dedicated core, the club as an organized group disintegrated. Many of the Saints still wandered around the church as if it were some kind of home base. They came occasionally to service; one boy joined the church, another was in the choir. Our first sixteen-year-old mother had her son baptized by Father Orr, and Hugh and I are his godparents.

We were asked frequently what we expected of the club. Even now I don't know. We have no way of knowing if it made any difference to any of the boys, but perhaps it will at some future time. It made a great difference to my life. Even now I search anxiously for a familiar name in every news story of a boy in trouble. Even now I'm haunted by the memory of that human assembly line in a court of boys with no one to speak for them. Even now these are the friends I trust and know and would rely on. The twenty-six-year-old who fled before the gunfire of the police married not long ago and has a son. He will be all right. Another is back in Guelph. Another is working.

Just recently one of my Saints, who had spent much of his young life in reform schools and prisons, came to see me.

"I'm celebrating an anniversary," he said with a broad grin. "It's a whole year today since I've been in jail."

He looked thoughtful. "Do you know, Jeann," he added, "I'm beginning to like civilization!" ★

1850

## FOR TIRED HUSBANDS JUST POUR

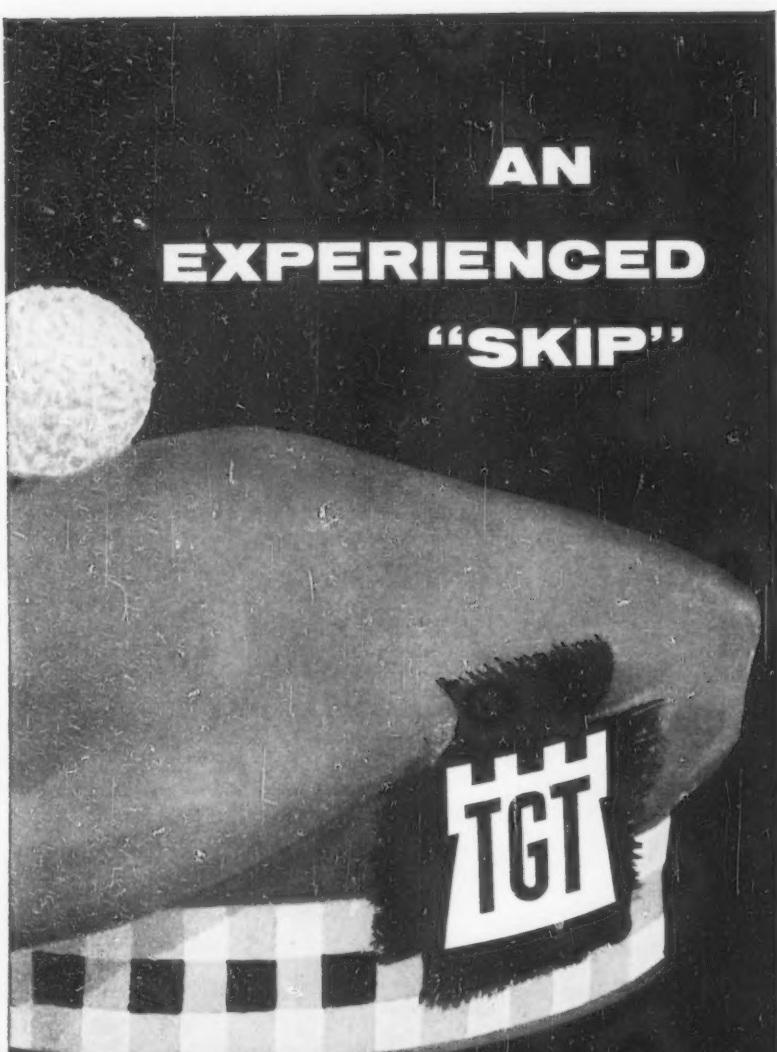
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# Parade

## The flaming passion of times past

Alarmed neighbors spotting smoke pouring from the kitchen window of an apartment in downtown Saskatoon phoned for the reels. Firemen rushed into the apartment, only to be driven back by the terrible sight within—a feuding man and wife finding mutual satisfaction in tossing old snapshots and other mementos of happier days into a lively bonfire in the sink.

\* \* \*

The most infuriating traffic tie-up to occur in Winnipeg in some time was caused by a truck having a flat tire on a main street at rush hour. It was a tire-service truck loaded with mounted and inflated tires, not one of which would fit the truck itself.

\* \* \*

A Parade agent in Vancouver reports a baffling crime—the theft of a family car. Four days later the car was returned as mysteriously as it vanished and all that was missing was a box of Kleenex, a pair of old gloves and a packet of caramels. And in their place were a set of golf clubs, two tins of sardines, a pair of lady's rain boots, a can of worms, three stale buns and a transistor radio.

\* \* \*

Mothers are in a continual state of suspense along about this time of year in little coastal villages like Wallace, N.S., for now's the time harbor ice starts forming and boys get daring. When seven-year-old George led four-year-old Ronald home dripping and shivering for mother to thaw out, George recounted a story of how he had crawled heroically out on the treacherous ice to grab his little brother's hand and save his life. Murmuring her heartfelt gratitude, mother asked



whatever had tempted the child to venture out on such thin ice. George explained "Eric and I sent him out to see if it was safe."

\* \* \*

Sign seen pinned to the door of a dentist's office in Prince Rupert, B.C., during Wednesday afternoon closing: "Luigi, drop your teeth in the letter slot."

\* \* \*

A supermarket in Barrie, Ont., tried passing out sample biscuits as a promotion stunt, but it backfired. One customer who had already picked up a package of the brand being sampled promptly returned it to the shelf after tasting the handout.

A Montreal social-studies teacher divided her grade three girls into groups, each assigned to a particular part of a project to build a pioneer's house. A dark cloud descended upon the household of one member of the group making cardboard furniture for the cabin, who grew miserable and frustrated because, she insisted, she was given nothing to do. The unhappy one's mother encountered the furniture squad leader on the street and



asked just what part her daughter played in the operation. "Oh she has a very important part in the furniture-making. She sits on things to make them stick."

\* \* \*

Urging subscribers to dial carefully and avoid wrong numbers, Bell Telephone has been running a little cartoon ad in Ontario and Quebec papers headed "Don't be a daring dialer." In the Montreal Star it ran right beside a headline about a fellow who blithely ignored the advice: "Roped-up victim dials with tongue."

\* \* \*

Red-faced classified ad in the Montreal Star: "LOST — revolver and a pair of handcuffs . . ."

\* \* \*

We've heard about a lively Toronto matron who just loves to deck herself out in her furs and finery on the slightest excuse but never lets an elegant hat put her nose in the air. All dolled up and off in her car to a fancy luncheon, she felt the rumble of a flat tire just in time to turn into a handy garage. The service man who came out and examined it looked sadder than she did about her having a flat, and kept glancing back inside the garage. "Okay, I'll fix it ma'm, but the fellows aren't going to like having their lunch-hour bridge game interrupted." The grease pit foursome's bridge game went right on while the tire was being repaired, the matron in the fox furs and elegant hat nonchalantly sitting in — on a packing case.

PARADE PAYS \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

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